

**PHILIPS**  
PHOTOFLUX  
FLASHBULBS

# CHINA



# MAIL

RELAX IN  
**DAKS**  
THE FAMOUS COMFORT  
IN ACTION TRUNKERS  
**Whiteaways**

No. 36553

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1956.

Price 30 Cents

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### HK Trade Unions

It is patently clear from the annual report of the Registrar of Trade Unions, published this week, that trade unionism in Hong-kong is only very slowly progressing towards a status that is as necessary as it is desirable.

One of the more manifest shortcomings is the administrative inefficiency from which several of the unions suffer; another is factional disputes; a third financial inability or unwillingness to employ qualified persons to keep union accounts.

There are disabilities which must mitigate severely against the proper functioning of unions and even more against the interests of their members. The conclusion to be drawn is that many union officials need much careful training and advice before they can claim to be carrying out their duties in a satisfactory manner.

The Registrar's report is properly sympathetic towards those unions which continue to experience considerable difficulty in understanding the full legal requirements imposed on their organisations, and the department can be commended for the manner in which it has helped, and is willing to help, those union officials who need guidance in the proper fulfilment of their duties. The responsibility becomes a heavy one when, for example, it is found that some officers are not even engaged in the industry with which the union is associated.

The Registrar's report notes that the administration of some unions is somewhat irresponsible. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to know that there are trade unions in the Colony which, if not meriting the description of model, have organised themselves along acceptable lines and do their best to fulfil their legal obligations. This suggests that if trade unions here could free themselves of political influences, they could in the normal course of time become responsible and effective guardians of their members' rights and interests.

Unfortunately the political aspects of trade unionism continue to impede progress of these organisations along approved and desired lines, and only qualified satisfaction can be derived from the knowledge that to date the political elements in the unions have not been militantly obtrusive.

# HAMMARSKJOLD WARNS

## Deteriorating Situation In Middle East

New York, Sept. 28. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold warned today that the Palestine ceasefire may "become a dead letter" unless Israel and her Arab neighbours end their border bickering.

Hammarskjold issued his warning in a report to the United Nations Security Council on the deteriorating Holy Land situation, punctuated during the last month by an upsurge of border clashes between Israel and Jordan.

He said the quiet established in Palestine by the ceasefire he concluded between Israel and her Arab neighbours last April "has not had the much needed support from developments toward a better general atmosphere which positive initiatives taken by the parties would have helped to bring about."

### The Suez Dispute

## Council To Meet Oct 5

New York, Sept. 28.

The United Nations Security Council will meet again next Friday to begin substantive debate on the Suez Canal question, it was officially announced today.

Mr Arkady Sobolev, the Soviet delegate, gave a hint on Wednesday that Mr Dmitri Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, might travel to New York for the Suez debate. But there was still no definite news that Mr Shepilov would be present.

So far there has been a substantive discussion in the Council regarding the Suez situation. The proceedings on Wednesday were confined solely to the issue of approving the agenda.

Britain, France, Australia, and Belgium all abstained on a question of inserting the Egyptian item. But the other seven members of the Council, including the United States, voted for the inclusion of both complaints.—Reuter.

### Miners Trapped

Calcutta, Sept. 28.

Rescue operations were going on today to rescue some 40 Indian miners trapped in a flooded coal mine 150 miles from Calcutta.

The surface of the mine caved in yesterday, trapping the men underground.—France-Press.

## NOW IT'S A CANAL USERS TRADE UNION

London, Sept. 28.

Mr Harold Watkinson, Britain's Minister of Transport, in a statement to shipping correspondents tonight said the Suez Canal users body would in no sense be "an instrument of aggression" against Egypt.

"It is a sensible and practical way of protecting the international interests of its members," he said.

Mr Watkinson termed it a kind of "canal users trade union." Among its immediate tasks would be consideration of what method of payment of dues would best secure the legitimate rights of canal users.

It would also have to be ready to help by offering pilotage services or otherwise to ensure the canal's continued use at maximum efficiency.

"The association will also have to plan what we should do if the operation of the canal is interrupted," Mr Watkinson said.

The Minister emphasised that a mass diversion of ships round the Cape of Good Hope would only be possible at the cost of a heavy price to most countries, particularly in the loss of oil supplies. This in turn would limit oil production in Middle East countries.—Reuter.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of today's feature highlights:

P. 5: Russell Spurr reports a war which Nehru doesn't want the world to know about.

P. 6: The astonishing man who'll give Princess Margaret a brooch.

Merrick Winn goes to Africa to interview Dr John Williamson, the fabulous diamond king.

Donald Edgar, who knew Baron, the photographer personally, begins a two-part flashback profile of an unusual personality who died recently.

P. 7: Sir Beverley Baxter, MP, writes about opera nights in Italy.

P. 8: Gambling with Power in Stalin's Empire, by Julius Gould. A Show of Spirit by Miss Ekberg, by Logan Gourlay.

P. 13: Krishna Menon, the man who loves to talk, which will be his impact on the Suez crisis? by Les Armour. William Hickey.

Cartoons by Giles, Cummings, Low, Osbert Lancaster, Book and record reviews, Parade.

### For First Time

Marcoule, France, Sept. 28.

France's No. 1 industrial atomic power station here today produced electricity from nuclear energy for the first time in west continental Europe, the French Atomic Energy Commission and the French Electricity Board announced.—Reuter.

### ALLEGED SPIES

London, Sept. 28.

Moscow Radio reported today that Polish authorities had discovered a group of British spies working in Poland to get secret economic and military information.—Reuter.

## BIG OPERATION AGAINST TERRORISTS BEGINS

Ipo, Malaya, Sept. 28. Security forces today mounted a big drive against two Communist terrorist gangs operating in hilly jungle country near Ipo.

Four Royal Air Force Lincoln bombers dropped 41,000 pounds of bombs on 21 selected targets within a six square mile area, a government spokesman said.

Guns of "E" troop, 100th Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, fired 10,000 pounds of shells at the targets, the spokesman said.

About 500 heavily armed men from the First Battalion, the Malay Regiment, the Commonwealth 22nd Special Air Services Regiment and Home Guard and police units surrounded the operational area.

The spokesman said the troops would later move in for a follow-up.—Reuter.

## Beaten Up By Police After Poznan Riots

Poznan, Sept. 28. A 20-year-old youth told a packed court here today that police beat him with rods and dashed his head against a wall after arresting him for his alleged part in the Poznan riots on June 28.

The youth, Stanislaw Kaufmann, is on trial with eight others accused of stealing arms and firing at security police headquarters in the riots.

A State prosecutor told Reuter that policemen responsible for ill-treating prisoners arrested after the fighting would stand trial in the next few days. Usually well-informed sources said October 5 or 6 was the probable date.

Others accused with Kaufmann painted a vivid picture of the drama and violence of the riots which raged through the western industrial town, claiming 53 dead and about 200 wounded.

### ARMED SIEGE

They told how crowds shouted: "Away with the Russians!" and the city gaol, and laid arms and siege to the security police headquarters, machine-gunning it from a captured army tank.

### MPs' "Lift Ban" Request

London, Sept. 28.

The "Movement for Colonial Freedom", which is sponsored by 107 Labour Party members of Parliament, today asked the Colonial Secretary, Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd, to lift the ban on certain organisations in Singapore and to revoke the detention and banishment orders against arrested persons.

The Movement's letter said that "we recognise the Council of Ministers in Singapore has made a decision and that it is responsible to the people of Singapore, but we find it difficult to believe that this would have been done without some pressure from, and endorsement by, the British Colonial Office who, in the negotiations of May, 1956, insisted on retaining control of internal security in Singapore."

"We therefore hope that the ban on the organisations will be lifted and the banishment and detention orders against the arrested persons be cancelled unless evidence can be produced against them in a fair and public trial," the letter concluded.—France-Press.

### SMOKING AND CANCER LINK ESTABLISHED

New York, Sept. 28.

The New York World-Telegram and Sun said tonight that the final report of the American Cancer Society will clearly affirm that a link exists between lung cancer and cigarette smoking.

The report, said the newspaper, would mark the end of four years of research undertaken by various scientific institutes in the United States.

It would state that: 1. Lung cancer strikes people who smoke a packet of cigarettes a day ten times more often than those who do not smoke at all. 2. The death rate is higher among smokers than non-smokers for illnesses in general, including heart diseases.

3. Links appear to exist between the moderate use of cigarettes and forms of cancer other than lung cancer.

4. Links also appear to exist between the frequent use of cigarettes and other illnesses such as gastric ulcers.—France-Press.

The report, said the newspaper, would mark the end of four years of research undertaken by various scientific institutes in the United States.

It would state that: 1. Lung cancer strikes people who smoke a packet of cigarettes a day ten times more often than those who do not smoke at all. 2. The death rate is higher among smokers than non-smokers for illnesses in general, including heart diseases.

3. Links appear to exist between the moderate use of cigarettes and forms of cancer other than lung cancer.

4. Links also appear to exist between the frequent use of cigarettes and other illnesses such as gastric ulcers.—France-Press.

## Matsumoto's Successful Mission

## Russians Make An Important Concession

Moscow, Sept. 28. The Soviet government agreed today to allow Japan to raise territorial claims against Russia even after diplomatic relations between the two countries had been restored and ambassadors exchanged.

The Japanese special envoy, Mr Shunichi Matsumoto, said that Soviet agreement to this had now made it possible for the Japanese Prime Minister, Mr Hatoyama, to come to Moscow about October 10 for talks with Soviet Premier Marshal Bulganin on the re-establishment of relations.

The Soviet agreement was announced by Mr Matsumoto after his second meeting with Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr Fedorenko, since his arrival in Moscow on Tuesday to prepare the way for Mr Hatoyama's visit.

Earlier talks on the peace treaty between the two countries conducted in Moscow and London foundered because of the Soviet refusal to yield the islands of Kunashiri and Iturup claimed by the Japanese.

Since then Mr Hatoyama and Marshal Bulganin have agreed in an exchange of letters on an "Adnanuef" type formula whereby the two countries will as a start exchange ambassadors and restore diplomatic relations.

### THE QUERY

Mr Matsumoto said he had come to Moscow to seek clarification of the territorial question following the exchange of the Hatoyama-Bulganin letters earlier this month.

The query was what would happen to the territorial question if Japan and the Soviet Union agreed to reopen diplomatic relations without waiting for a peace treaty.

"We agreed today on a formula and decided to exchange letters between myself and Mr Shepilov (the Soviet Foreign Minister) or his deputy Mr Gromyko."

The formula provides for a continuation of negotiations on the territorial question after the re-establishment of diplomatic relations," Mr Matsumoto said.

Such a principle would be expressed in letters to be exchanged either tomorrow or Sunday. There was no decision when the territorial question would be reopened but this would be part of the general peace treaty consideration, Mr Matsumoto said.

### Truck Ambushed

Nicosia, Sept. 28.

Cyprus terrorists tonight ambushed a truck reported to be carrying members of the Women's Voluntary Services and killed two Britons.

One was a British soldier. The other was identified officially only as a "British civilian."

Two other soldiers were wounded.—Reuter.

### Plaster Kills Child

Kelghley, England, Sept. 28.

Little Howard Coppack, so keen to start school that his parents allowed him to begin three months before his fifth birthday, was killed today by plaster falling from the ceiling at an infants school near here.—China Mail Special.

### Monsoon Signal

The strong monsoon signal (the black bell) was hoisted at 7.30 a.m. today.

### How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.

Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account provide long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of inhospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce content.

The party would be a success.

ROSE'S Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

**The Kenwood Chef**  
The world's MOST VERSATILE Kitchen Machine!

**14 ATTACHMENTS**  
fitting direct on to the machine WITHOUT ADAPTORS OR GEAR BOXES!

Julice Extractor fits here  
Mincer, Slicer & Shredder, Coffee Mill and Can Opener fits here  
Whisk, 'K' Beaters, Dough Hook, Colander and Potato Peeler fits here  
Liquidiser, Juice Separator and High-speed Slicer & Shredder fits here  
Spare Motor Unit housed here

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:  
**THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD.**  
Available also from: JOWROOM, ALEXANDRA HOUSE TEL. 3611  
**LANE CRAWFORD LTD.** HOP FAY ELECTRIC CO.  
**YEW SAN HOON CO.** UNION RADIO & ELECTRIC CO.

**TO INDIA**  
FOR EVERY FIRST CLASS PASSENGER A **Sumberette** fully reclining sleeper-seat.

**TO EUROPE**  
Check these advantages:  
✓ Constellation and Super Constellation comfort  
✓ Choice of Economy Tourist class  
✓ A.I.E.'s personal service  
✓ Courtesy Japanese hostesses on all flights.

**TO JAPAN**  
Visit these places with A.I.E.:  
PARIS • GENEVA • DUSSELDORF  
ROME • CAIRO • BOMBAY • TOKYO  
BANGKOK • CALCUTTA • BEIRUT  
DELHI • KARACHI • ZURICH

(Flight Every Wed. & Sun. to India & Europe, Every Mon. & Fri. to Japan)

**AIR-INDIA International**  
Tel. 2224-23913-39485

# KING'S & PRINCESS 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

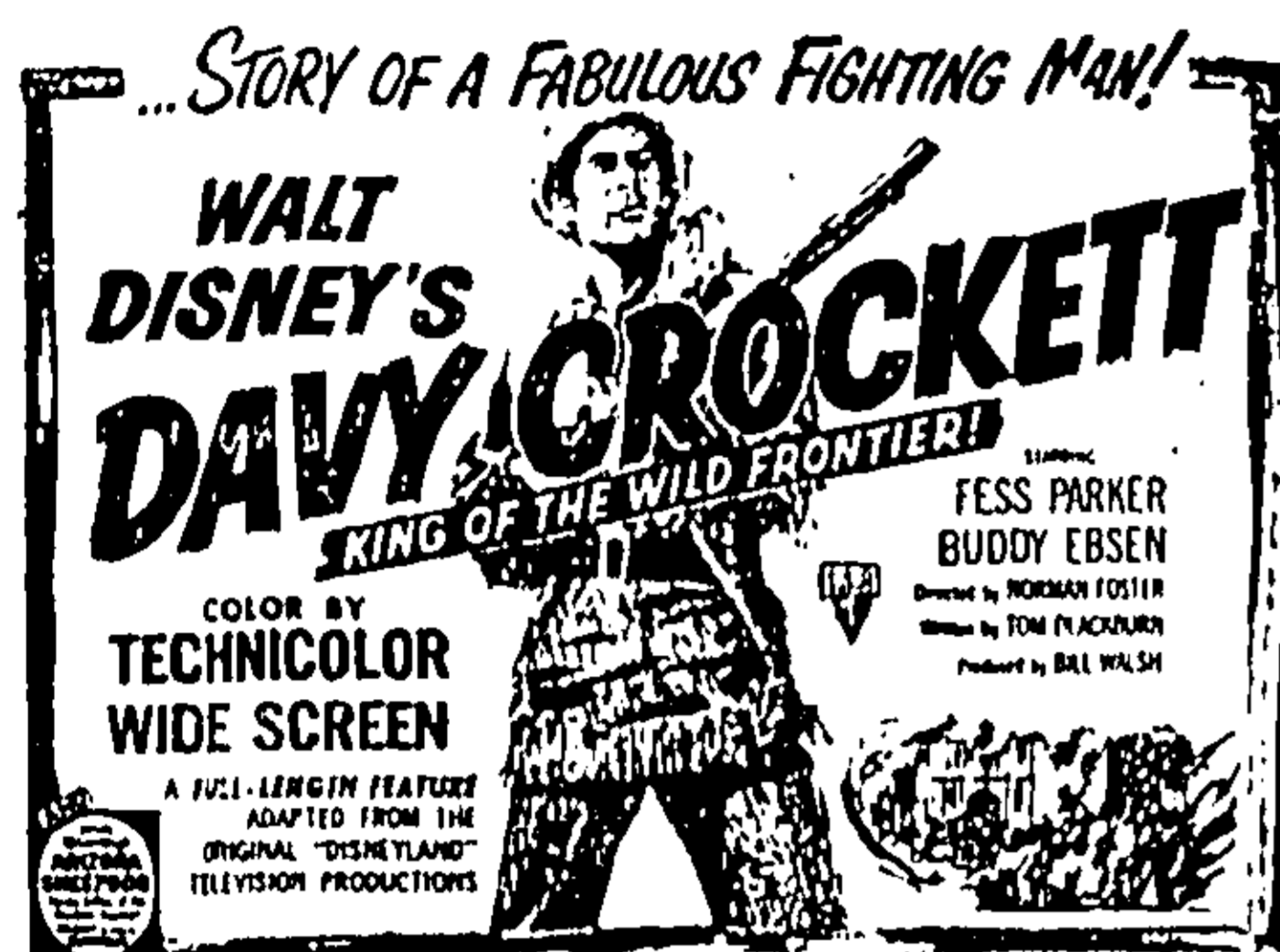
"DAVY CROCKETT"

Extra Morning Show at 12.20 p.m.

# KING'S & PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m. At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

# SHOWING TO-DAY



KING'S TO-MORROW MORNING  
At 11.15 a.m. EXTRA SHOW At 11.00 a.m.  
THE THREE STOOGES & "TOM & JERRY" &  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
by Columbia by M-G-M

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

# HOOVER & LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60149, 60248

# TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



WITH PERSPECTA STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

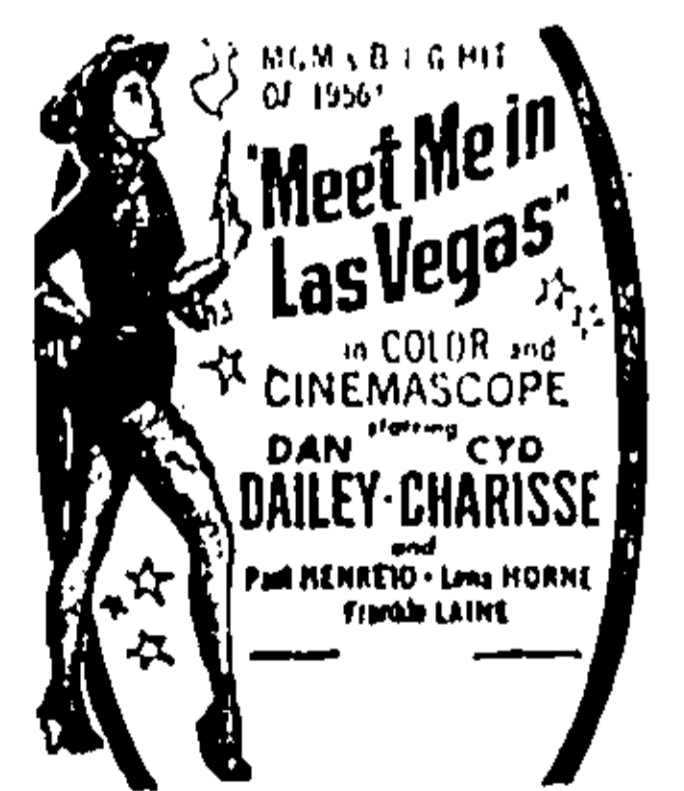
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

FIRST MATINEE HOOVER at 11.30 a.m.  
LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

# ORIENTAL Majestic

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

It's a gorgeous, glorious, glittering gold mine of entertainment! Its grand!



Morning Show To-morrow  
"HELL AND HIGH WATER"

Today At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show  
"UNDERWATER"  
In Superscope & Technicolor

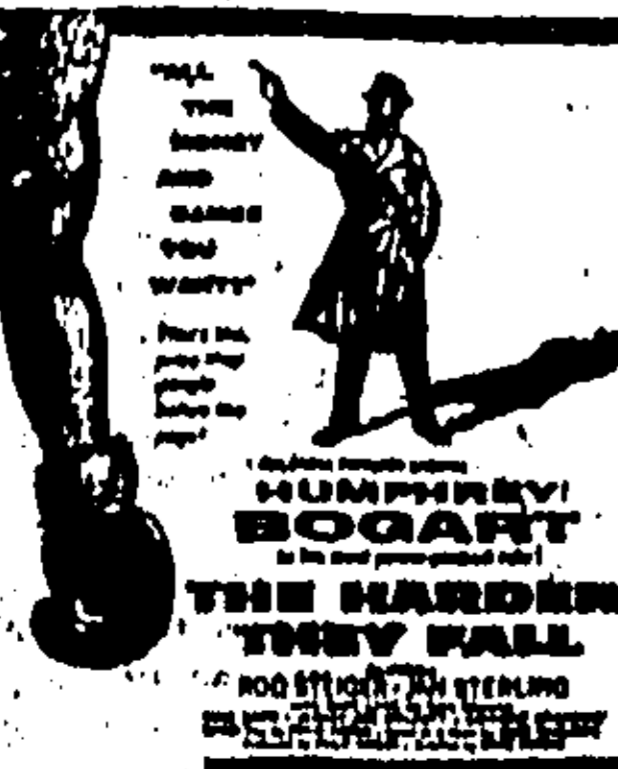
# CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Sunday Morning Show  
At 12.30 p.m.  
Jack Palance in  
"SIGN OF PAIN"  
In CinemaScope

FINAL TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow  
"MASTERSON OF KANSAS"  
In Technicolor

# FILMS Current & Coming BY JANE ROBERTS

## The King and I:

This is a magnificent musical that appears to have been transferred piece by piece from the stage to the screen and reassembled exactly as it was before.

The lucky people who have seen the original production in either London or New York will probably disagree with me and add that as I cannot have seen either, I am talking something of which I know little.

My answer to the anticipated criticism is that the current screen version of Miss Landon's book still looks like an excellent piece of theatre fare that has intelligently, expertly and painstakingly been photographed from the centre of the stalls.

This is the only warning I intend to give to those who usually go to a cinema musical expecting plenty of story, with music added.

"The King and I" from the point of view of a theatre-goer is excellent entertainment.

It has a dominating personality in the main role firmly holding together the whole plot. It has pomp, ceremony, costumes that could only be described as peacockish gorgeous. And it has the fairy tale quality of a pantomime, coupled with some plain old fashioned Victorian common sense, that in a pantomime would be supplied by the Court Jester, but which is, in the case of "The King and I", supplied by "I"—Mrs Anna Leonowens.

## Palace Music

I am frankly prejudiced in favour of "The King and I". The wonderfully forceful "Palace" music that is played as the King introduces Anna to his numerous progeny has haunted me since I saw the preview of the film more than a month ago. It is the theme music of the picture and the stultifying, arrogant, brassy, impish, impressive melody is Yul Brynner himself. Oscar Hammerstein could have had nobody else in mind when he wrote it.

The songs from the film have become popular classics since they were introduced some years ago, yet to hear Deborah Kerr sing them is like a new photograph of well loved faces. I seem to remember reading somewhere that in some of the songs, her voice is not used. If this is so the dubbing has been as well done that it is impossible to tell that it is not Miss Kerr singing.

Her best song is "Hello young lovers", in which she sings of her happiness with her husband Tom, now dead. It is typical of the character of Anna. She has taken the best of the memories of her happy life with Tom, added a philosophical outlook, plenty of humour, prudence without prudery and the result is a firm, purposeful woman who will stand no nonsense but who can be nevertheless feminine with it all.

## Dynamic

Irritated by her, amused by her and sometimes goaded by her criticism to the point of having her punished, the King finds her advice invaluable and on his death bed commends her to his son.

Although this picture is mainly a succession of superbly staged numbers strung together by dialogue, it still manages to convey the feeling of time passing, of world events outside the little court of the King of Siam and of a man, half barbaric, half cultured, who is pulled many ways by his violent disposition but who is passionately trying to rule himself and his people with wisdom.

There is nobody with whom one can compare Yul Brynner. It is difficult to visualise him in any other part but this, yet here is a person of such dynamic personality that not to see him again would be a tragedy. His name on the cast list of an future production of whatever type will ensure a visit from me.

With Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr dominating the screen for so much of the time, the other characters pale by comparison. However, with not a great deal to do but look exquisitely lovely in a doll-like way, Rita Moreno succeeds in capturing attention and the intricate love between the two young people—her lover is Carlos Rivera—is quite moving.

Of humour there is plenty and unexpected gales of laughter from the unpredictable King make him at times endearingly human. Nobody can fail to find something in this picture to like and

## This Week's Films In Pictures



Yul Brynner in "The King and I"



A scene from "There's Always Tomorrow"

most people will enjoy every moment of it.

## Davy's Here

Davy Crockett:

The Crockett craze having arrived and passed on in Hongkong without leaving any apparently lasting impression on the children, and in the ears of adults left nothing worse than the nasal twang of yet another popular singer, it will be interesting to see whether the film now showing promotes a rash of coonskin caps that the song hit failed to raise.

One thing that the film has done is make a star of Fess Parker.

He is a tall, easy-going, good-looking young man with enough brawn to please the youngsters and enough charm to appeal to women, but these are fairly common attributes of young actors and even with the name of Walt Disney to back him his name would probably not have been heard of again had it not been for the unaccountable success of the popular jingle.

As a western "Davy Crockett" is fairly routine. The hero first fights the Indians, then, with a knowledge of their ways, sees that right is not always on the side of the white man. Being the hero he naturally can't compromise with what he feels to be just and proceeds to force his opinions down the throats of others, even to the extent of becoming a congressman to do so.

The member for Tennessee is as fearless in Washington as he is out on the lone prairie and without much trouble tames the city slickers as easily as he has most of the Indian opponents. His trusty friend throughout all the shooting and talking is Buddy Ebsen, playing as you can

ever when a word of more than one syllable is introduced and happiest when he is being sent off on some almost impossible errand.

## A Surprise

Tribute To A Bad Man:

Westerns are almost palatable taken in small doses and over a long period. When it is part of one's job to see every one, good, mediocre and often terrible, the prospect of yet another does not arouse any degree of enthusiasm.

It was in this mood of patient resignation that I dragged my feet up the stairs of the Hoover Theatre on Thursday afternoon.

To my delighted surprise "Tribute to a Bad Man" turned out to be not only a very good western, but a well made film from every point of view.

The love interest was plausible, the camera work and editing were good and the new actress, Irene Papas, lives up to every word of the publicity about her. What is more, she can act.

The bad man of the title, is rough, down to earth James Cagney. He is a ranch owner who spares neither himself nor his men, has no time for weakness of any sort and treats his horses with a consideration he does not find necessary to extend to his fellow man. Cagney has found exactly the right note for this part. He does not overdo the toughness, he doesn't swagger or boast of it or indulge in any of the tricks actors often find it necessary to use to hammer home to their audience that they are hard. In spite of his age, gruffness and unsuited appearance, it is perfectly feasible that a lovely woman like Irene Papas could, while deploring his rough ways, admire respect and come to love him.

She is a young woman he has picked up in a saloon and taken back to his ranch to cook, housekeep and provide feminine companionship when necessary. There is no attempt to hide the relationship, yet neither is it given undue importance. It is made clear, and sensibly left there. The man is happy, the girl is happy, she knows she can go if and when she wants to, he understands that she will stay as long as it suits her. There is an absence of fuss and outward demonstration about their love for each other that I liked very much. There was certainly no coldness about it but the warmth between them was felt rather than leavened home in the usual obvious fashion.

There are two men in the picture who try to win the affection of this, by her own admission, not always good girl, but although she has in the past been fond of one, and goes as far as leaving the ranch with the other, the inner strength of Cagney is an irresistible magnet and without exerting any outward persuasion he draws her back.

The young man who nearly succeeds in winning her from James Cagney is Don Dubbins—again a newcomer to the Hollywood scene. He is another of Cagney's "jane doe" and except that he covets his boss's woman, turns out to be as much of an asset as the woman herself. Dubbins, like the lovely Greek woman, has looks, talent and the success of a veteran. He has had stage training and this is evident in everything he does. It is not the stage training that has produced the shambling, "naturalistic" style of Brando and James Dean (a technique employed by Vic Morrow in the film) but it has given him an ease of manner that makes a good contrast to the jerky impudence of Cagney. Stephen McNally makes a rather oily, obvious villain, but perhaps the exceptionally good performance of the rest of the cast focus attention on the weakest link.

One very good point about this film is the quickness of the pace. There are no long lingering shots while the reaction on the face of the actor is allowed to sink in to the audience. All unnecessary padding has been removed and although western fans may protest at the exclusion of those lengthy gun battles and interminable shots of galloping horses they will not be disappointed by the action scenes.

This is a worthy successor to "Rhovan Junction" at the Hoover and Liberty cinemas.

## New Films At A Glance

### SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Tribute To A Bad Man". A western. James Cagney, Irene Papas, Stephen McNally, Don Dubbins.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Davy Crockett". A western. Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Caroline Cherie". French costume piece. Martine Carol.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Lost Continent". Traveltogue made by an Italian film unit.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The King and I". A film version of the Broadway musical. Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno.

### COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Man With The Golden Arm". Frank Sinatra as a drug addict. With Kim Novak and Eleanor Parker.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "There's Always Tomorrow". Wife - neglected husband - other woman drama. Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, Barbara Stanwyck. "Trains in the Navy". That mule again. Donald O'Connor, Martha Hyer, Jim Beckum.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Chinese Butterfly". A Chinese picture in Mandarin. Li Li-Hwa.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye". A gangster melodrama. James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Helmut Berger.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Fanny". A South Sea Island story based on "Fanny Hill". Elizabeth Taylor, John Milius, Roman Polanski.

# QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M. 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

FILMED FOR THE FIRST TIME!  
A True and Different Picture  
Unlike Any You Have Ever  
Seen Before



— QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA —  
5 SHOWS TOMORROW  
"LOST CONTINENT"  
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

# ROXY & BROADWAY

## SHOWING TO-DAY

Please note the special times:  
ROXY: At 2.00, 4.30, 7.00 & 9.30 p.m. BROADWAY: At 2.15, 4.45, 7.10 & 9.40 p.m.



NO INCREASE IN PRICES! BOOK YOUR SEATS EARLY!

5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "THE KING AND I"

ROXY & BROADWAY: At 11.30 a.m.  
Complimentary Tickets Are Not Valid for this Picture

# NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay. Tel. 78721, 78155 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

## OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

MARTINE CAROL in

## "CAROLINE CHERIE"

A French Picture with English Subtitles

Reduced Admissions: \$1.70, \$1.20, \$1.00, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Columbia Colour Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

# The Garrison Players

present

## "AND THEN THERE WERE NONE"

A PLAY

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

at ST. GEORGE'S HALL,  
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

AT 8.30 P.M.

OCT. 10th, 11th, 12th & 13th

BOOKING AT SKINNER'S

## POPULAR PUBLICATIONS

Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. I	\$18.00
Chinese Creeds & Customs Vol. II	18.00
Enjoyable Cookery	15.00
Baby Book	25.00
This is Hong Kong	8.50
The Hongkong Countryside (Herklots)	25.00
Hongkong Birds (Herklots)	35.00
Coronation Glory	7.50
King George VI	7.50
It's Fun Finding Out — 2nd series (Bernard Wickstead)	5.00
Rupert Adventure Book	4.00
Rupert Magazines	1.00
Stamp Albums	5.00
Ten Points About Pearls	1.50
Points on Judging Jade	1.50
Outline Relief Map of China	.30
Asia	.30
S.E. Asia	.30

On Sale At

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST, LTD.  
HONGKONG KOWLOON

## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## RSPCA SWOOP ON CHESHIRE COCK-FIGHT

London. THE RSPCA was "Terms." It sent a flying-squad of RSPCA inspectors swooping on a farm at Cotton Edmunds, Cheshire. There they broke up a cock-fight.

There, too, they found 30 people, one of them on horses was hiding under a pile of hay. The only day at Chester Castle, the 30 people were fined between £10 and £20 for being concerned in cock-fighting.

But behind the swoop was three years hard and patient

work by the R.S.P.C.A. All that time they knew that the sport banned in England more than 100 years ago was continuing and being highly organised.

To wipe it out a nine-man squad was formed, each man an expert in cock-fighting, each ready to move into action at a moment's notice.

Several times before, and twice in Cheshire the last time was as little as seven weeks before the Cotton Edmunds raid—they kept all-night vigils in lanes and ditches. But each time the raids failed. The fighters had

been warned.

Then Inspector Proctor, stationed in Cheshire, heard about Cotton Edmunds's fight.

An innocent-looking invitation to attend a tennis party was the pass which each of the "cockers" had to the strictly guarded barn where the main (match) was to be held.

"Guests" were told exactly what time to arrive and where to park their cars out of sight, so as not to arouse suspicion, at an isolated farm on a Sunday morning.

Because the cock-fight was disguised as a tennis party, the R.S.P.C.A. codeword for

their swoop became "Operation Tennis."

This time they made no mistake. The police warrant to search the farm was not applied for until 25 minutes before it was executed.

This time the "cockers" were caught off guard. This time they were trapped.

Said Inspector Proctor: "We know of at least four cock-fighting rings which have taken place in Cheshire in the last six months, but either we have not had sufficient evidence, or else the organisers have been warned in advance."

Now it is believed that the Chester prosecution will be only the first of several. The illegal sport, which has been gaining favour, is organised on a national basis with regional contests between North, South and the Midlands.

Said the leader of the R.S.P.C.A.'s flying squad, Senior Inspector Lanning: "I am proud of my fellows when I think of the nights they have spent without sleep or a cup of tea, waiting in fields and ditches to bring these cruel people to justice."

The cost to the Society to bring the prosecution: £1,000.

## Drug Film Starts Rumpus In Britain

London. SOME of Britain's leading doctors have asked 20th Century-Fox not to show James Mason's controversial film about cortisone, "Bigger Than Life."

Specialists have warned the company that the picture may do harm by shaking public confidence in the drug.

[This film was screened in Hongkong last week and earlier this week.]

A firm manufacturing the drug has been considering seeking a legal injunction to prevent the film being screened.

## NO SUCH CASE

James Mason plays a patient who goes mad under the effect of overdoses of the drug. He wrecks his marriage and tries to murder his son. The story is based on an actual U.S. case history.

But a Harley Street specialist said: "No such case is known here, and those investigated in America have always had some previous history of psychosis."

"In other words, cortisone would not make a normal man mad. Doctors object to this film because it is likely to shake the confidence that has been built up by careful use of the drug."

## MASON'S REPLY

Mr. Mason, producer as well as star of the film, holidaying in France, replied to the medical protest: "I had no intention of attacking the drug industry."

"I have tried to portray, dramatically, the evils of an indiscriminate use of drugs. I should be aided and applauded by the drug industry."

"The excessive use of drugs and narcotics today is a growing evil in our society and one that must be met head-on. An ostrich head-in-the-sand attitude is no answer to the evil."

## DOCTORS DEVISE WAY OF REVIVING 'DEAD'

Chicago. Three Cleveland doctors said today that many people who die of heart attacks probably could be revived.

They quoted an unusual case of heart restoration which occurred in a Cleveland Hospital.

The patient collapsed in a war. Hand massage of the heart and artificial oxygen administration was begun immediately, they said, and was continued for 10 minutes while the patient was moved through the corridors and up four floors to the operating room.

## RECOVERED

There, electric shock was administered and the patient recovered.

Dr. H. E. Mosen, Dr. R. Korman and Dr. J. W. Martin of the University Hospitals of Cleveland and Western Reserve School of Medicine, made their report in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

They were assisted by Dr. C. S. Beck, noted Cleveland heart specialist.

The doctors said the resuscitation procedure usually has been conducted successfully in the operating room when the heart has stopped during surgery.

## EXCEPTIONAL

A few "exceptional" cases have been reported in which patients whose hearts stopped while they were elsewhere in the hospital were rushed to the operating room for emergency treatment.

As each new "exceptional" case is reported, the doctors said, the possibilities increase for resuscitation outside the operating room and even outside the hospital itself.

There is little doubt, the doctors said, that the "death factor" is small and may be reversed in many people who fall "dead" of a heart attack.

In many cases in which the co-ordinated heart beat is destroyed by electric impulses accumulating in the heart, the organ itself is anatomically sound and "ought to be able to continue beating," they said.



The Marquess and his third wife

## Marquess Wants To End Third Marriage

London.

THE thrice-married 93-year-old Marquess of Winchester has filed a petition in the Bahamas to end his marriage with his wealthy Indian wife, the former Miss Bapsy Pavry.

The Marchioness, who lives in a Mayfair hotel, was listening to the Suez debate in the House of Lords when the news reached her.

A friend tapped her on the shoulder and said: "Would you come outside? We have important news."

Then the 53-year-old Marchioness was told that her husband was seeking finally to annul their four-year-old marriage that for the past 12 months has been subject to bitter legal squabbles.

At her hotel last week the sari-dressed daughter of a Parsi High Priest said: "I feel I have been stabbed in the back."

## Case dropped

The monogamous Marquess lives in Nassau, Bahamas. He travelled there in 1951 to marry a widow, Mrs Evelyn Fleming, mother of Mr Peter Fleming, the author.

But on his 89th birthday the Marchioness—premier Marquess of England—announced that the wedding would not take place. He married Miss Pavry the following year.

Now, as the Marchioness of Winchester, she is suing 72-year-old Mrs Fleming for the alleged enticement of her husband and alleged breach of agreement under which the Marchioness dropped her first enticement suit last July.

Both writs have been served on Mrs Fleming at her Nassau home.

## Going To Nassau

The Marchioness's action against the slim and graceful Marchioness, well known in London society, alleges that their marriage was not consummated.

She said: "I shall go out to Nassau later this year and fight this action. I still love my husband and want him back with me in London."

Tears in her eyes, the third Marchioness told how she had kept secret the break in her marriage even after her husband had left her.

"He went on a health trip to Nassau a long time ago—I cannot think how long—and left me here to attend to his affairs. I expected him to return, but he never did."

It is understood that the Marchioness's action for annulment of his marriage will be heard in the Supreme Court of the Bahamas before Sir Guy Rooker, the Chief Justice.

## HUSBAND CALLED TV MONSTER

London.

A MARRIED man's alleged account of what happened when "the monster called TV" came into his life was read in a Cornwall court last week.

Sidney Conroy, 41, an insurance salesman, accused of breaking into his employer's factory and stealing £204, was said at St. Columba Court, Cornwall, to have filed seven sheets of newspaper with a confession which read:

"I have been a happy married man and in love with my wife for 20 years. I love my children. Then, four months ago, the monster called TV came into my life."

"It has become a god in my house so far as my wife and family are concerned. I cannot talk or even breathe when the monster is switched on."

## THE CLIMAX

"The climax came last Friday when the TV broke down. My wife and family were walking about like lost people and I sensed as if all ignored me because I would not get it repaired quick enough."

"For three nights my wife refused to sleep with me and no one would talk to me."

"I lay awake thinking up a way I could make her realise what she was doing to me. My mind was almost numb and I thought I would teach her a lesson."

When police began to make inquiries, the statement added, he sent the money back by post. Conroy, who was described by the secretary of the company as honest, conscientious, and hard-working, was committed for trial on bail.

## Baby Janet Saved Grandma's Life

By ALWYNE TAYLOR

London.

Each night as four-year-old Janet Chilvers is tucked up in bed she whispers: "Please don't close the door, auntie."

For Janet dreads being shut in. She spent a night of fear in the dark looking after her semi-conscious grandmother.



Janet Chilvers and her Teddy

## HE BURNED £2,000

Burton-on-Trent.

AN ex-policeman said at Burton-on-Trent Bankruptcy Court last week he had burnt almost £2,000 in £1 and £5 notes in an open fire at his parents' home. He had no idea what made him do such a thing.

Belcher said in evidence that he burned £1,010 in one bundle on the fire. He added that his wife's claim for divorce costs had "nothing to do" with throwing the money on the fire.

The Registrar, Mr Alan Nutt, adjourned the public examination and said to Belcher: "I am not satisfied with the evidence you have given."

But the statement showed that his former wife, Pamela,

was claiming £72 12s. for divorce costs and a maintenance order. Belcher, whose home is at Snayd Hill, Burghon, counter-claimed for £73 15s.

Belcher said in evidence that he burned £1,010 in one bundle on the fire. He added that his wife's claim for divorce costs had "nothing to do" with throwing the money on the fire.

The Registrar, Mr Alan Nutt, adjourned the public examination and said to Belcher: "I am not satisfied with the evidence you have given."

Mrs Blanche Chilvers, who is 70, was looking after Janet at her home in Mortlake Road, Ilford, Essex, while Janet's parents were on holiday abroad. As she was putting Janet to bed she fell and hit her head.

For the next hour Janet slowly dragged her grandmother from her bedroom to her room. She could not help Mrs Chilvers under her head and covered her with an eiderdown. During the night she smuggled next to her grandmother on the floor to keep her warm.

## At dawn

At daybreak Janet rattled at a neighbour's gate. "Would you help pick my gran up?" she asked Mrs Williams. Then Mrs Chilvers was taken to hospital.

Mrs Williams thought Janet looked "rather grubby," but the dirt marks were bruises she got when she dragged her grandmother along the floor.

Recovering in hospital last week, Mrs Chilvers said: "I thought I was dying, but I tried to hide it for Janet's sake. I said to her 'Gran will try to crawl to her room,' but I couldn't. So she dragged me in by my legs, and hurt herself doing it."

"She even said 'Keep your thumbs in, Gran, else I can't get you through the doors.'"

## So tired

"Afterwards she kept saying she was so tired. She hadn't the strength to help me on to my bed, but she covered me up, and she saved my life by getting help next day."

Another neighbour, Mrs Alice Lewin, heard Janet sobbing during the night. "It made me want to rush in and cuddle her," she said, "but I did not know her parents were away and I felt I would be a nosy-parker if I intruded. It grieves me to think I could have saved Janet and Mrs Chilvers from that awful night."

## THE QUEEN BUYS TWO MORE HORSES

(Below: The Queen at the Doncaster sale paddocks)



London. THE QUEEN has bought two high-class yearling filly racehorses, costing 5,250 guineas.

She picked them herself when she went to the Doncaster sale paddocks recently before the yearlings were put up. The above picture was taken then.

The deal was carried through by one of the leading thoroughbred bloodstock agencies who were instructed by a private person.

Said an agency spokesman: "We had no idea the horses were for the Queen."

"We bought a filly by Petition out of Danse D'Espoir, bred by the Sledmere Stud for 4,100 guineas, and a filly by Luminary out of Whoa Emma for 1,150 guineas, bred by the Middleton Stud in Ireland."

They were sent to Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochford's stables at Newmarket, but stayed there only a few

hours before being sent to one of the Queen's studs. There they will be broken in.

The Queen thought very seriously about the advisability of buying yearlings.

However, in view of her turf successes in the past few years (she won £40,992 with her horses in 1954),

the Queen decided to put some of the stakes won back into the thoroughbred industry.

## Men who guide the destinies of the world wear Rolex watches



WHENVER historical decisions are made, at top-level conferences, in Cabinet meetings, at strategy discussions, you will find these men. No day passes without some reference to them in newspapers, on radio or television. Their fame is the measure of their importance—to each of us and to the whole world.

We cannot mention their names or picture them. It would not be fitting to do so—for they include royalty, the heads of States, great service chiefs and statesmen. But when next you see them or their pictures, look at something you might not normally notice—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

These men expect reliable service, yet even they are amazed at the efficiency of their Rolex watches. Rolex are proud that they so soon take it for granted.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



ROLEX  
GENÈVE  
CHRONOMETER



NORMAN BUCKLEY (right), 48-year-old solicitor, skimmed his way to a new world water speed record when he covered 79.66 miles in one hour on Lake Windermere. Water speed king Donald Campbell is seen congratulating Buckley. (Express)

## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RIGHT: Actress Anne Haywood is holding the only light-motivated clock in the world, which is among the exhibits at the International Watch and Jewellery Show in London. The energy produced by light acting on its photo-electric cells is transformed into electricity which charges the micro-accumulator. (Express)



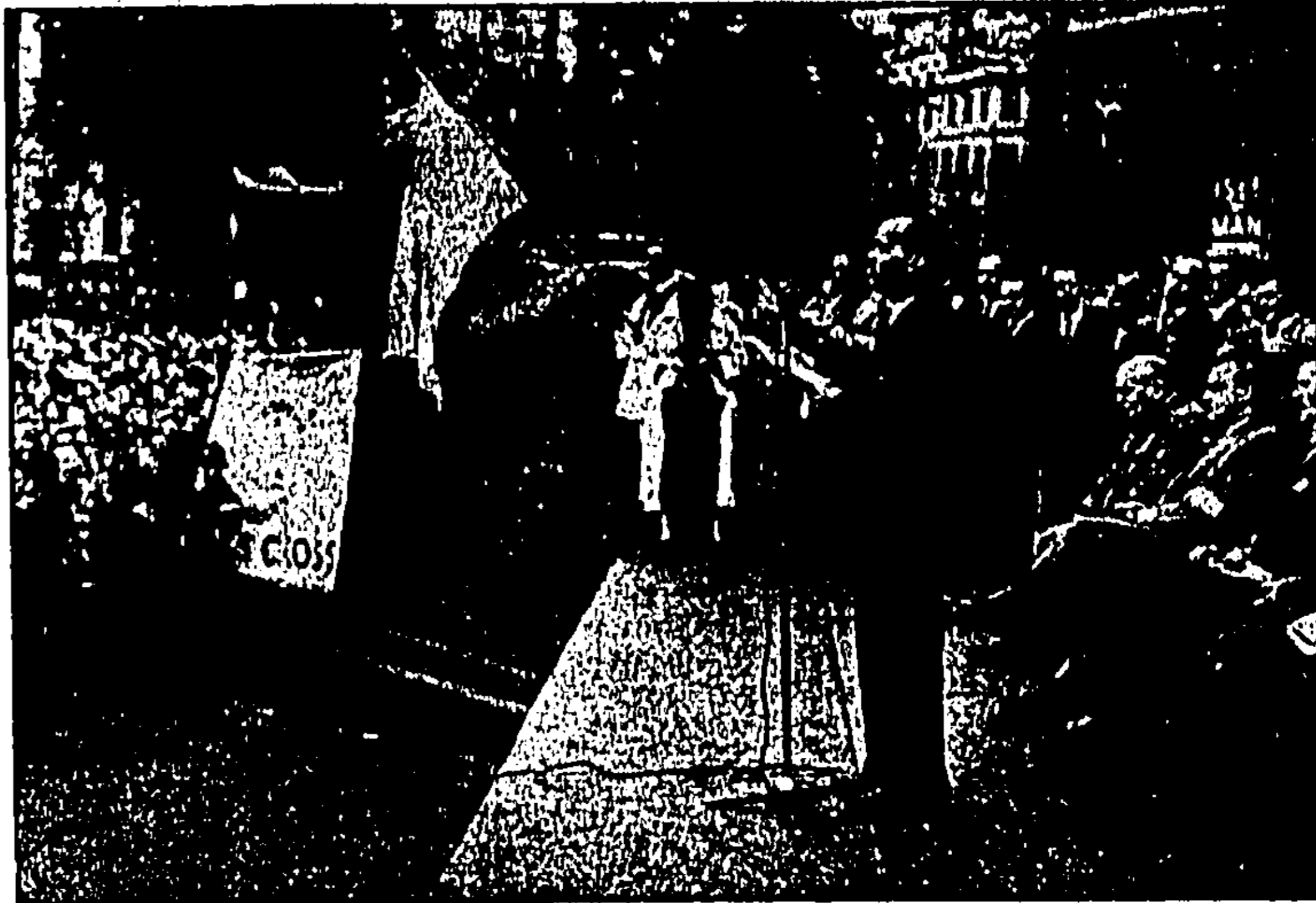
LEFT: Red-haired French hairdresser Rene Moulard, who is accompanying Princess Margaret on her African tour. Just as on the Caribbean tour, he took along a special portable hair-dryer, with collapsible hood, which is reserved for the Princess's exclusive use. (Express)



RITA HAYWORTH, 37 and four times married, has a new romance. Her latest attendant is Ron Randell, 37 and once married — the Australian actor who has won TV fame in England. He lives two floors above her Park Lane flat. Every morning there have been red roses for Miss Hayworth. (Express)



FROM a castle in Germany to a Sussex farm. That's the life story so far of Princess Christina, 28-year-old niece of the Duke of Edinburgh and wife of Prince Andrew of Yugoslavia. Princess Christina and her husband moved straight back into the day-to-day slog of farming when they returned from their honeymoon. (Express)



AN Egyptian spoke to thousands of people attending a "No War Over Suez" rally in London's Trafalgar Square as tension at home and abroad mounted. He was Dr Abdul-Azim Anis, a lecturer at London University. The rally was attended by marchers representing the Labour Party, the Communists and other groups. (Express)



THE first car identity parade in the history of murder detection was held in quiet Gadebridge Road, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire, following the strangling of Mrs Diane Sutley. Boy witnesses trying to identify the car used by the "Kid Glove Strangler." (Express)



LEFT: Princess Meriam, daughter of the Sultan of Johore, blow out the candles on the birthday cake at the party in London celebrating her sixth birthday. The Sultan had his 80th birthday the day before. (Express)



TWO VCs of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry took the salute together at a passing out parade at the Regimental Depot at Shrewsbury. Mr G. H. Eardley (left) and Mr H. Whitfield are seen talking to some of the recruits who are shortly joining the 1st Battalion in West Africa. (Army News)



LEFT: "Not even governments could keep us here now," said British and French Suez pilots queuing up in Cairo for exit visas. Here are three English pilots back home after years of service with the Suez Canal Company. They are (from left) Mr Oscar Carew, Mr Douglas Norton and Mr Arthur Barnes. (Express)

### NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



### ROWNTREES





"We KNOW you ain't showing Rock 'n' Roll. That's why we're coming in to bust the joint."

# The WAR NEHRU DOESN'T WANT the WORLD to KNOW

THE Indian Army is winning its tawdry little war against the rebellious Naga tribesmen.

Twelve thousand crack troops are driving in three columns through the jungle-covered Assam hills — the same wilderness of struggling creeper that became the grave of the Japanese in the turning-point battle of the Burma campaign.

Shell-pitted Kohima is once more an army headquarters. Its shabby tin-roofed buildings shudder again with the shock of roaring artillery.

Old weapon pits are manned again in places with glorious names — Piguit Hill, Church Knoll, Jail Hill — old Jeep tracks are back in use upon the surrounding unfriendly hills.

Some of the panting, perspiring Indian patrols pushing out over these tracks wear the Burma Star on their jungle-green. They pick their way past abandoned tanks, the creeper-grown skeletons of Mitsu trucks, sometimes the rusted snouts of forgotten mountain guns.

## On the run

The Indians move confidently, though with care. The monsoon rains that have been helping the Nagas are almost over. At last it is possible to get out beyond the nervously guarded perimeters.

THE NAGAS are on the run — pathetic remnants of their so-called Independence Army are scattering into the border hills. While villages go up in flames, suspects are herded into makeshift concentration camps and rice-fields return to the weeds.

Troops have strict instructions to behave — but inevitably there are incidents. Too many men have been ambushed or murdered in the six-month-old campaign. Tempers are frayed, fingers are quick on the trigger.

A well-known Naga doctor was shot dead outside his house by Indian soldiers. He was unarmed and had taken no part in the rebellion. Two men now await trial by court-martial.

Kohima, Imphal and familiar places to 14th Army troops are now sealed off in a war which Indian troops are waging on the tribesmen of the remote hills. A war in which villages burn . . . . . scalps are taken

From RUSSELL SPURR

The latest reports are that whole tracts of the hill country are starving through loss or destruction of crops. Disease is spreading. Many homeless refugees are already believed to have died.

## Suppression

Facts and figures aren't easily obtained about this costly, destructive little war. Premier Nehru doesn't want outsiders looking in on it. Some edge might be taken off all this high-flown Indian condemnation of "colonialist suppression."

I got as near as possible to the trouble area during a week in the Assam hills. Driving up the wartime road from Imphal through battlefields immortalised by the Fourteenth Army, I was able to interview travellers and passing soldiers.

But always across each road leading into the Naga country there is a barrier with a military policeman demanding entry passes.

Indian officials indignantly deny the area is closed. Nothing so authoritarian. It is just "temporarily restricted."

A conducted tour will be arranged eventually but not until the Nagas are thoroughly subdued. The army reckons that will take another couple of months.

Premier Nehru has admitted the Naga affair has been mis-handled. The trouble dates back to the British hand-over in India. The first Indian Governor of Assam, the province bordering Burma, which includes the Naga hills, told the tribesmen they would enjoy the same freedoms as under the British.

The ninth and most vital clause of this agreement suggested that it be reviewed in 1957 — after 10 years — implying that the Nagas could opt out of India as they then wished.

The agreement was afterwards repudiated by the Indian Parliament. The Naga negotiators went back to their villages swearing they had been betrayed.

A tall professional rebel with a partly paralysed face began clamouring for independence — or war.

Zapu Phizo had already fought the British. He joined the Japanese invaders of Burma and tried with little success to organise a puppet Naga force.

He came home after the war, hailed as a patriot by the Indian Nationalists. Then he demanded freedom.

That wasn't according to the book. India was a "free" already. Phizo obstinately emphasised the Nagas weren't, that they would never be free as long as Indian police and officials ruled the Naga hills.

He wanted an independent Naga State embracing the 300,000 — odd tribesmen inhabiting the wild country either side of the Indo-Burmese border.

Nehru irritably refused. He said that no independent State could survive in those hills.

Phizo whipped up angry opposition. He organised a walk-out of 5,000 tribesmen from a meeting Nehru was about to address in Kohima. He organised a complete boycott of the local elections, a widespread refusal to pay taxes, and slowly began sabotaging the Indian administration.

IN DELHI an official spokesman would have it known that only a handful supported Phizo. But those who know tell me there was hardly a tribe not siding in various ways the increasing belligerent agitation waged in the name of the Naga National Council.

Britain had always believed in leaving the Nagas in peace. Their more remote tribal areas along the Burma border were scarcely administered at all. The few British officers sent to supervise tribal affairs did little more than halt head-hunting and feuds.

The Indian Government declared the territory must be opened up. The reason (not

admitted) was the Chinese invasion of Tibet.

Whole areas scarcely mapped and seldom visited along the Tibetan and Burma borders overnight acquired a new strategic significance.

The Government poured in rupees for roads and for schools and medical facilities.

The programme might have proved popular. But it was mis-handled by fumbling bureaucrats. Pompous, unsympathetic officials found the Nagas "arrogant, spoiled, and childish." They had been too "pampered" by the British.

"Need a bit of kicking around, these blighters," an Indian civil servant was heard to remark.

THE NAGAS needed anything but kicking. They were free men, fierce in war, but gentle in peace. They could be devoted friends, offering rice beer in their remote mountain villages. They could be adly enemies, swift and sure with a spear or gun in the jungles they called their own.

## Rice beer

Towards the end of 1954 Phizo struck. Tribal drums summoned the warriors in their kills and feasters. The rice beer was passed round, spears were sharpened, and wartime guns retrieved from a thousand hiding places.

A last offering to the forest gods, a sacrifice of chickens upon stone altars — and war burst round Nehru's Administration.

Within a week the Tuenmang frontier division, the remotest Naga territory along the Burma border, was flaming with revolt. Police posts were attacked, buildings burned, and pro-Indian headmen murdered.

Road convoys were ambushed, suspension bridges sent plunging into mountain gorges.

The Assam Rifles were called in. They are a semi-military force, lightly armed, formed by the British to maintain order.

The disorders were put down with difficulty. Phizo moved secretly into the main Naga hills area around Kohima. Opposition was growing to his extremist policies. Still he advocated all-out war. The man who led the opposition was mysteriously murdered. No one else apparently held back when the murder rebel finally called on the entire Naga nation to revolt in April this year under cover of the monsoon.

The uprising was led by the Bama tribe. Its warriors are the fiercest and toughest of all

the Naga tribes. They darted in out of the jungles they know so well, spearing and shooting policemen and Indian officials.

The Assam Rifles came in again to complete disaster. A column was ambushed in a rainstorm outside Kohima, dozens were killed and the rest scattered. Their arms and equipment were looted.

The damage, the campaign's cost, runs into millions. The result? Not total defeat for the Nagas. They are to be given more self-rule under the coming reorganisation of the Indian provinces.

BUT THAT WON'T HEAL THE BITTER HATREDS AROUSED BY INDIA'S EMBARRASSING PRIVATE WAR.

(COPYRIGHT)



Kohima was as much under siege as in the Burma campaign. Twice it was attacked by yelling tribesmen who hacked and shot their way into the outskirts.

The two main roads — one to Dimapur in the plains and the other across mountains to neighbouring Imphal — were cut just as effectively as they once were by the Japs.

Road convoys were ambushed by well-concealed guerrillas in the jungle. Troops were killed and civilians robbed.

The war was beyond anything the Assam Rifles could handle. Scalps began appearing on Naga belts again, just like the head-hunting days of 100 years ago.

Riflemen died swiftly and often among the rain-sodden trees and ferns as the monsoon months slipped by. Police posts, schools, and administrative buildings went up in flames.

Hastily a retreat was called to the old Kohima perimeter pending the arrival of reinforcements.

## For this?

They arrived under armoured escort up the Dimapur road. Artillery was again sited round the town pumping shells into snipers' posts somewhere up among the surrounding hills. The barrage, whistled over the great British war cemetery where lie the men who died defending India in the name of freedom.

THEIR MEMORIAL bears the words: "For your country they gave their lives."

For what? I wonder. Well, now it is over — but a little more shooting.

## JUST FANCY THAT...

FIVE greyhounds sprinted up the straight in the seventh race at Ffos-y-Bryn Greyhound Stadium, Wigan.

As they rounded the first bend, a rabbit confronted them on the track.

The five dogs ignored the rabbit and went on chasing the dummy hare.

NO one quite knows why, but London bus drivers are larger, on average than the conductors.

They are bigger (round the chest and waist) when they join, bigger when they retire. They are bigger when young, bigger when old.

All this was discovered from a study of sizes of uniforms issued to 1,270 drivers and 904 conductors in 1954. The results are disclosed in The Lancet.

THE newspaper Morning Star has appealed to the police to stop tourists bathing their feet in Rome's fountains.

Mariene Dietrich set the example. Now tourists on sight-seeing trips are following.

One "very respectable-looking" English couple, in shorts and shirts, plunged head-first into the magnificent Fontana Etrusca, in one of the grandest piazzas.

The newspaper complains that police are too busy watching to see who has the prettiest legs.

IT was pay night, life was good and Zahiruddin Ansari's friend dared him to run up a descending escalator at Leicester Square station, London.

This cost him 10s. when he pleaded guilty at Bow Street to "ascending an escalator by a stairway other than that expressly provided."

He confessed: "By the time I stopped I was very tired."

REMEMBER those vodka parties in the Kremlin? Well, now the Russians have been to a scotch party in Newfoundland.

Scotch is a dark, heavy Newfoundland rum. The Russians, headed by Soviet Fisheries Minister Mr. A. Iashkov, were each given a glass of it at a reception in St. John's.

And they could not take it. After one drink they discreetly went on to something less explosive — Scotch whisky.



Available everywhere \$18.50 per Bottle  
Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.



Be there QUICKER

CPA  
GIVES  
YOU

THE  
FASTEST  
FLIGHT

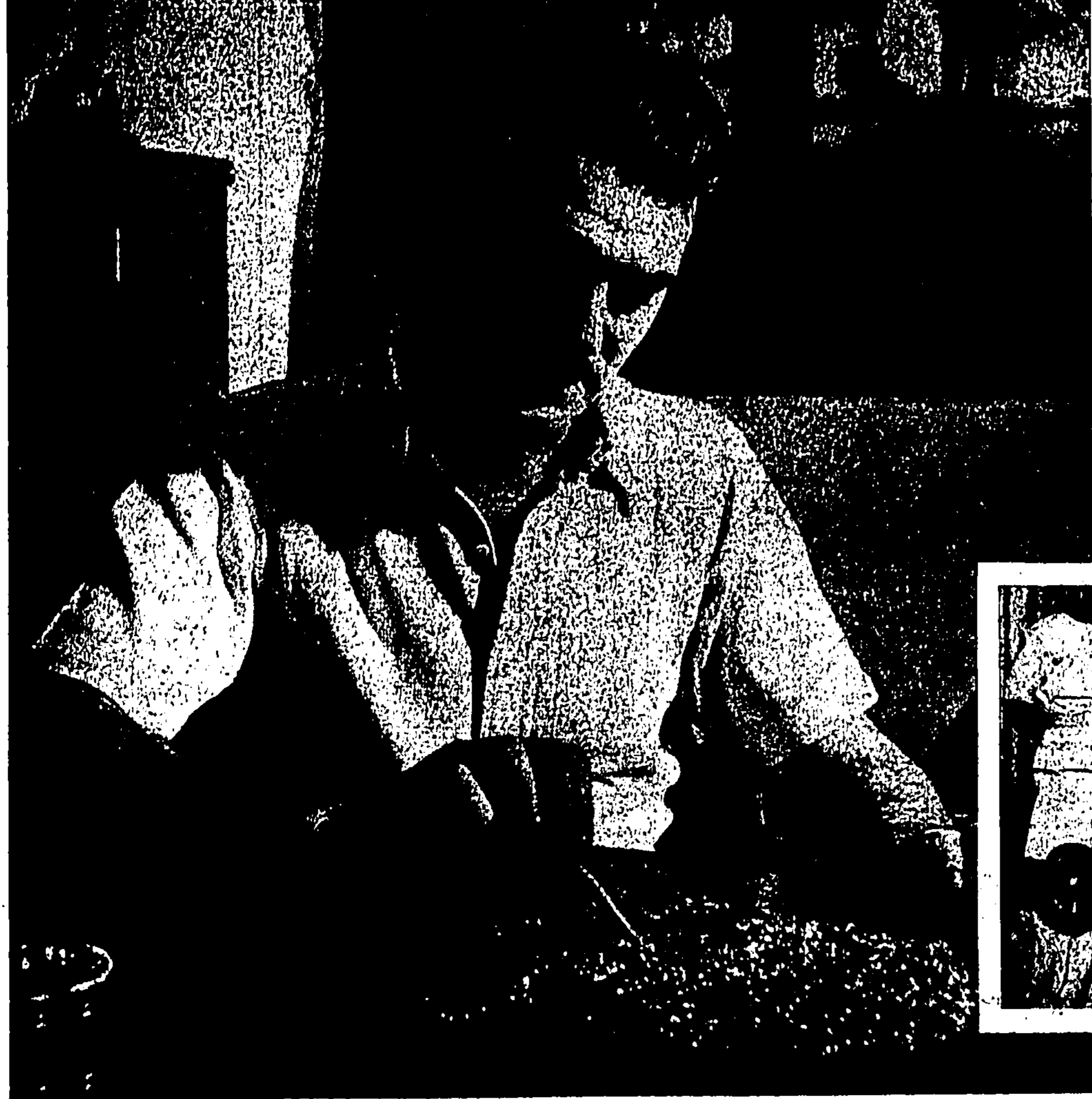
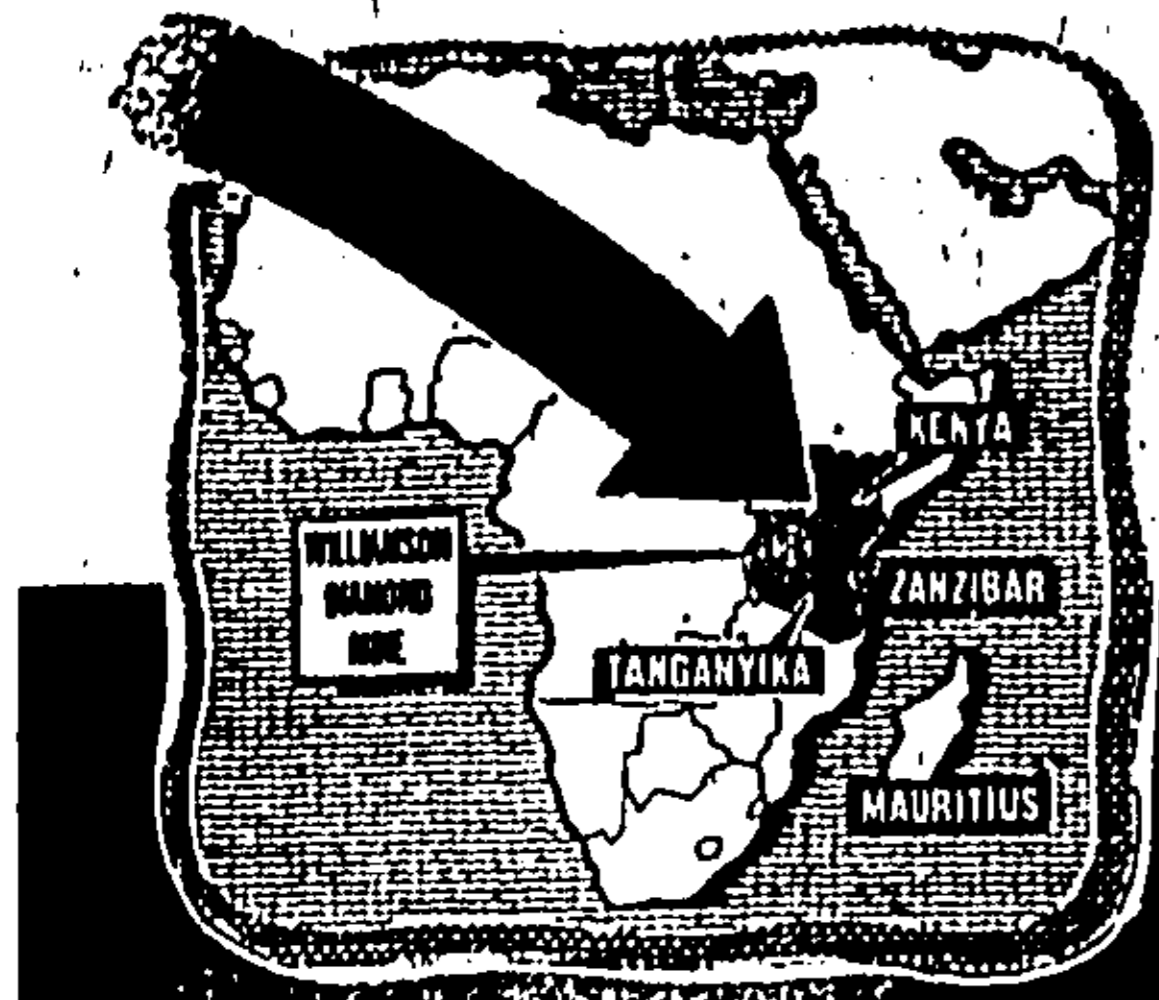
to SINGAPORE  
MANILA  
BANGKOK  
SAIGON

ALL IN THE SUPERB COMFORT OF  
DOUGLAS DC-6 AIRCRAFT  
COMBINED WITH A STANDARD OF SCHEDULE  
KEEPING AND GOOD SERVICE THAT IS  
RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE FAR EAST.

**Malayan Pacific Airways Ltd.**

Passages, call 23416, 64072, 27160. Freight, call 64091, 64045.  
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE (H.K.) LTD., and major tourist agents.

# THE ASTONISHING MAN WHO'LL GIVE THE PRINCESS HER BROOCH...



Counting diamonds spilled like rice-grains on his desk... The fabulous Dr John Williamson. And he says: "I don't even like diamonds. The one thing I'm really interested in is geology."

By MERRICK WINN

WHEN Princess Margaret goes to the Williamson Diamond Mine in Tanganyika she will be the guest of one of the most slandered men in Africa. She will probably not have heard the stories told about 49-year-old Dr John Thoburn Williamson. I have heard them in many parts of Africa. Always the same stories and none pleasant.

**'Power-mad'**  
He was a hermit, they said. A power-mad, ruthless autocrat hiding dark secrets but still unable to hide his greed for diamonds. One Christmas, they said, he fired six men because their small daughters pulled the tinsel off a Christmas tree.

He has hundreds of European workers living in neat streets of red-roofed bungalows, each furnished to the tune of £1,000.

I was warned: "You'll never get into the mine. He never sees anyone. They'd say he was ill, but he'd be drunk."  
Sure enough, when I turned up at the mine gates, with the notice "Penalty for unauthorised entry—£1,000," they told me: "You can't see the doctor—he's ill."

When Williamson arrived 15 years ago he found nothing but scrub and desert, malaria and the tsetse fly. And diamonds. Now his mine is the fourth biggest township in Tanganyika.

**'Happier? . . . No'**  
I asked him if he were happier now, with potential wealth estimated at many millions, than he was at the beginning.

"I think I was happier in the early days, with just the few of us," he said. "We roughed it, had real companionship. Now things are impersonal."  
I knew what he meant. This man has hardly a friend among all the hundreds on the mine (some have never seen him). I remember too the double-barbed wire fence, the Alsatian dogs trained to savage intruders, the TV screens to spy on every move of even proved employees. "It's not my doing, though many people outside say it is. I'm compelled to take these precautions by law—more than 80 percent of my profits go to the Tanganyika Government."

(COPYRIGHT)



FLASHBACK to the days when diamonds were sorted by hand. A line of gleaming Africans examine the gravel—using one hand only. Why? Because, if you want to steal a diamond, the usual way is to swallow it. A row of guards watches to see no one raises his free hand to his mouth. Now machinery introduced at the Williamson mine this year has changed all that. Now, nobody ever handles a diamond, except for five white men, and they are watched continually on TV screens.

## THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY

# I NEVER SAW A PLAIN WOMAN NEAR HIM.....

**I** WALKED up Brick Street in Mayfair and rang the bell at No. 2. I climbed the precipitous stairs. There were the photographs of the ballet. There were the photographs of horses. There was the pretty telephone—I never saw a plain woman near Baron.

### From the Queen

It was always such fun seeing Baron in Brick Street. Fun whether you went to see him on business or to join in one of his fancy-dress parties. His little room was just the same mass of disorder. The faded yellow carpet. The rolls of film. The bottle of wine. The filing cabinets. And everywhere photographs. Many of The Queen and The Duke. All signed. The Queen before she was married. The Duke as a simple naval officer. Marriage pictures. Pictures with Prince Charles soon after his birth. Coronation pictures. There was a framed letter from the Queen: "Dear Mr. Nahum, I was so delighted to receive the photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh in colour and I hope you will accept my grateful thanks for your kind thought in sending me such a lovely wedding present. — Yours sincerely, Elizabeth."

### 'Ho's the man'

I REMEMBER that for him Princess Elizabeth... she was not yet Queen... dressed up in her bridal gown again after the honeymoon. There was a certain disaffection in the Royal Family.

## DONALD EDGAR, WHO KNEW BARON PERSONALLY, BEGINS A TWO-PART FLASHBACK PROFILE

about some of the photographs taken by others at the wedding. Philip suggested that Baron was the man for the job. The Queen Mother, who had been very pleased with a portrait of her husband, agreed. And as soon as they returned to London, Baron was called in. The last time I had been in this room was at a party that ended with this rambling old house.

Baron was dressed as Byron and at two in the morning wanted to try his hand at a sonnet. Sally Ann Howes was glamorous as a chorus girl in black tights and a great flowered hat. Lord Milford Haven, dressed as Emily Brontë's Heathcliff, was standing in the corner.

### Flattery

THERE are the royal warrants as photographer for the Queen and the Duke. There are Baron portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor... signed. Wallis - Windsor and Edward. There is Nehru. There are the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. There is the bicycling contraption that Baron used to try to exercise his hips crippled by arthritis. And, of course, rows of portraits of lovely women. Baron loved to have them around. Loved to photograph them. There was only one he failed to please. Her name was Mariene Dietrich. She sent back his prints with suggestions for improvement.

Baron flew into one of his black rages. "I'll make you beautiful my way," he told her, "not in any way you suggest." He loved to admire lovely women. Loved to flatter them.

incidental—until the bill was sent in.

### His success

THERE was a fine study of a horse. Baron took the pictures for Clive Graham's book "Great Horses of the Year." There was an exhibition of the photographs afterwards and Sir Alfred Munnings said that he had learned more from the prints than he had from the canvases of the great horse-painters.

### Showmanship

I WENT into the studio. A large bleak room with black rafters. There were the usual masses of arc-lamps. I remember telling him that he didn't need half of them. "It's all showmanship, my boy," he would say with a devilish grin. There was the big radio. When he was giving a sitting—25 guineas a time—there was always music playing. "Romantic stuff for the women," he told me. "Bigger stuff for men. And the classics for men like Sir John Barbirolli."

But his assistant said to me: "I used to choose the music. And to tell you the truth it was to get Baron in the mood, not the sitters."

I remember watching Baron in this room taking pictures of Norman Wisdom. He moved swiftly around the room with his cameras. His flattened arm never seemed to cause him a moment's trouble. He was wearing the inevitable bow-tie. The inevitable flowered waistcoat. A half-burned cigar was stuck in his mouth. There was something rather grand about Baron as he went about his job. He was the artist, the man of fashion who had rather kindly consented to take your photograph. The fact that money entered into the transaction was entirely incidental.

But he did create his life. It was his most successful portrait.

I remember an evening back in his old flat in Kinnerton Street. There was Gilbert Harding magnificently declaiming poetry. There was Pietro Annigoni solemnly receiving praise for his portrait of the Queen.

Baron was sitting on a long, low ottoman. There were girls either side of him. There was one crouched at his feet. But Baron was carrying on an animated conversation about the chances of a horse in the 3.30 the next day.

There were good paintings on the wall. There was good wine in the glasses.

It was gay, at times frivolous. And yet you could hear as good talk there as anywhere in Europe. Philosophy would alternate with poker. A woman's coiffure with politics.

Not a bad dream. (COPYRIGHT) (MONDAY)

Baron, Tito and Franco



BARON, WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 5.

## SEPARATION: Is It A Good Thing Or A Bad Thing?

Stick together, say four couples whose marriages have lasted over 30 years

By EILEEN ASCROFT

IS it more difficult to make a marriage work if you have to spend a lot of time apart?

Two couples in London this week who firmly believe the more time you spend together the happier you are, come from America.

Mr and Mrs William Rosenthal, president and treasurer respectively of the Malden Form bra company, have just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

They work and travel together, even share all their meals every day. "We rarely spend a day apart," says Mrs Rosenthal. "Our recipe for making marriage work is 'Be both pals and partners.'"

Mr and Mrs Sam Goldwyn hold the same view. She does not actually work in his business, but she shares everything else, travelling and entertaining. In 31 years of marriage they have spent a year apart.

Frances Goldwyn believes marriage works better when you are constantly together, sharing ideas and interests and friends. "You grow closer that way."

"I never had a partner until I married her," says Sam fondly. "And I don't want any other!" George and Beryl Formby hold the same view. They celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary recently. "We have never been separated for one single day in all those 32 years," Beryl tells me.

She has never missed a performance of his shows, and even when he was in hospital she spent the days at his bedside. She thinks all hobbies should be shared. "I'm not keen on football, wrestling or boxing," she confessed, "but I go with him to all three." Wise woman!

In London now is Mrs Virginia Zanuck, happily married for 32 years (they celebrated their 32nd anniversary last January) to famous Hollywood film producer, Danny Zanuck.

"We have never been separated in all that time," she says, "and I travel with him everywhere. He likes to have me with him and have my opinions, especially on the 'audience' side. If we disagree about a story, a star, or a picture, and afterwards I am proved right, he is very generous and always gives me credit for it."

"We grow up in the business together and our life has been spent mostly in the projection room. "My recipe for a happy marriage? Well, give and take is most important, also companionship and great understanding. Above all have faith in your marriage," (copyright)

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



## MUST SHE HAVE THAT OPERATION?

By Cedric Carne

LIKE thousands of other mothers and fathers, Mr and Mrs Lawrence had this problem: Should Jane have her tonsils removed?

"You see, we've been to two doctors already," said Mrs Lawrence. "One said Jane would be better without her tonsils. The other said the opposite. If doctors can't make up their minds how can we?"

Tonsillectomy is one of the most commonly performed operations. And many doctors are asking like Mrs Lawrence: "Is it really necessary?"

Of young men going into the Army nowadays, 35 percent go in minus their tonsils — most of them having had the operation between the ages of four and eight.

"Jane is seven," Mrs Lawrence said.

"One point to remember," I said, "is that there is a general normal increase in the size of the tonsils between the fourth and eighth years. And since that is the time when most children have them removed, the logical conclusion is that for many of them the operation was unnecessary."

Mr Lawrence whistled when I continued: "Since the beginning of the National Health Service something like 200,000 children are being admitted to our hospitals each year to have their tonsils out."

### JUST WORRIED

"That should cost the country a couple of million pounds, at least," he said.

Mrs Lawrence was not thinking of percentages and figures. She was just worried about Jane's recurring sore throats. But most children, subject to tonsillar infections, get better spontaneously and naturally — without surgical interference — when they reach Jane's age.

"I'm not thinking of when she's 13 or 14," Mrs Lawrence replied. "Those sore throats keep Jane in bed and away from school now. If she has the operation, perhaps she'll catch up with her studies."

Yet the answer to that was again to be found in the day, dedicated voice of statistics. One survey has shown that of some 14,000 boys and girls the incidence of bronchitis, colds, and sore throats was more common in those who had their tonsils removed than in those who'd said "Boo" to the surgeon and kept their tonsils.

"Are you suggesting that the operation should never be permitted?" Mr Lawrence asked.

"Of course not," I said. "Sometimes the operation is necessary and the child is 100 percent better for it."

### HOME NEXT DAY

Anyway, it's easier for children than adults to have the operation, isn't it?" asked Mr Lawrence.

He was right in that children go into hospital one day, have the operation the next, and are back home the day after. Usually, while grown-ups are generally in hospital for some 10 days. But the operation is no more complicated merely because one is older.

I thought of the reasons for allowing the operation to take place. Mouth breathing and snoring, in conjunction with a nasal voice and repeated attacks of tonsillitis or quinsy. Sometimes, too, impaired hearing may be a leading symptom or difficulty in swallowing.

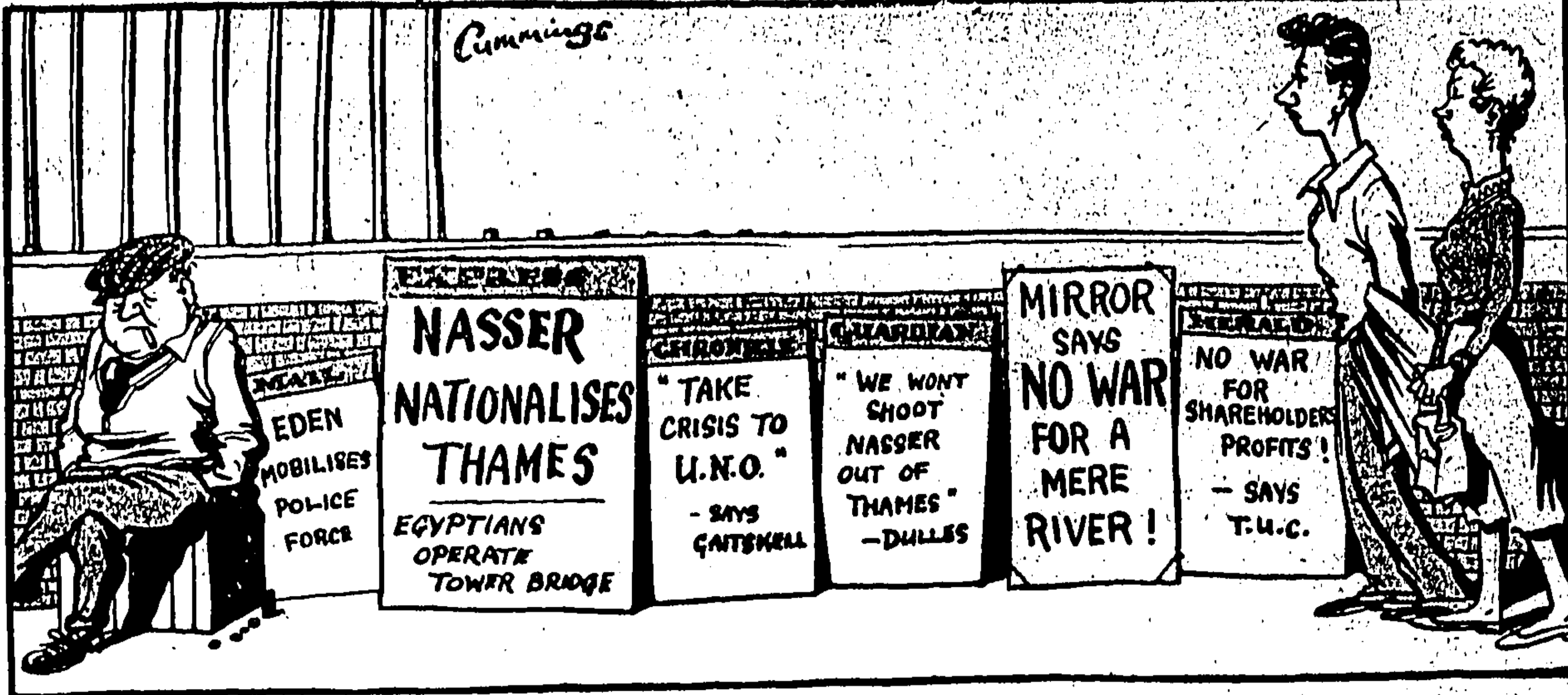
"Is it true," Mrs Lawrence asked, "that bad tonsils can affect a child's intelligence?"

Doctors believed at one time that tonsil trouble could retard mental development, but now they know that this is as untrue as the idea that eating fish helps the brain to grow.

"Anyway," I said, "Jane seems pretty bright. Would you open your mouth and say 'Ah'?"

"Can't say it," she said, blinking and then she kept her mouth tightly shut.

"Can't say it," I asked. "Can't say it?"



WHEN HIS NEXT GREAT COUP ARRIVES

## An Astonishing Experience In Ancient Verona

# OPERA UNDER THE STARS

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, MP

ON the shores of Lake Garda, in Italy, I am writing these lines. In some ways the setting is like Muskoka, although the lakes are larger. On the hills are ancient villas of stone and marble with gardens that slumber in the sun, and Cyprus trees that whisper to each other of the days when the Caesars used to come there for respite from the heat of Rome. The silvery grey of the hills blends with the turquoise blue of the waters. London seems thousands of miles away and America thousands of years.

At this moment, from the little balcony of our hotel, there is a babel of French, Italian and even German—but no English. The poor English are not here. They were on the winning side of the war and are still paying for it.

Two nights ago we motored to Verona, that ancient city where (according to Shakespeare) there were two gentlemen of considerable liveliness. Also it was in Verona that the star-crossed lovers, Romeo and Juliet, played out their pitiful tragedy which was enshrined for ever in the magic language of the Bard. In fact, Romeo's dwelling place is still there, but it is in a "No Entrance" street, and we had to give it a miss.

Verona, in fact, has a quite extraordinary fascination, for it blends yesterday and today into a perfect union. There is, for example, the great open air stadium, guarded by ancient crumbling walls, where on festive occasions Christians were thrown to the lions for the edification and entertainment of the emperors and the people.

And it was from this stadium that I received an invitation to bring myself and my party to an open air performance of Puccini's "La Tosca." I have seen much in my life but rarely anything more astonishing than the scene unveiled to our eyes on that night.

Imagine 25,000 people gathered in the vast uncovered stands (for there is never rain in Italy at the wrong time) and such an uproar of anticipatory excitement.

Yet here was the paradox which soon made itself evident. Even if the tenor had possessed the loudest voice of all time he could not have split our ears in that vast open space, yet the sheer quality of the voice actually seemed enhanced.

It seemed pretty obvious that under these conditions the villainous Scarpia would steal the show, because the singer was no less a personage than Tito Gobbi, the greatest baritone of the world.

But how would the conductor get silence from the shouting throng? Presto! It came like the smothering of a candle. The moment that the lights flashed the signal for silence and the conductor raised his baton for those cruel opening chords of Puccini's masterpiece, the audience was as silent as an empty cathedral.

As nine o'clock drew near—for that was zero hour for the performance—the people were shouting, in fact almost screaming with excitement. The lights shone on the long narrow orchestra pit, with its one hundred and fifty players. Dimly we could see the vast stage, which showed a street in Rome, the interior of a palace, the doors of a cathedral and the side streets leading to the spot.

It was so good much, a setting as Rome itself with the front walls removed, if you know what I mean.

There was not a misty phrase to be seen, not a very good reason that there were none in use. This was Italy, the home of bel canto, where singing is as natural as speaking and representation is unknown.

But how would the conductor get silence from the shouting throng? Presto! It came like the smothering of a candle. The moment that the lights flashed the signal for silence and the conductor raised his baton for those cruel opening chords of Puccini's masterpiece, the audience was as silent as an empty cathedral.

Admittedly the orchestra, despite its augmented numbers, could not give us the full depth of a concert hall or an opera house. It sounded in fact like a superb gramophone record multiplied many times, yet lacking the tonal depth of the real thing. Then what would happen to the singers with no roof, but the star spangled sky and with the adjacent square of Verona offering avenues of escape to the tone?

Yet here was the paradox which soon made itself evident. Even if the tenor had possessed the loudest voice of all time he could not have split our ears in that vast open space, yet the sheer quality of the voice actually seemed enhanced.

It seemed pretty obvious that under these conditions the villainous Scarpia would steal the show, because the singer was no less a personage than Tito Gobbi, the greatest baritone of the world.

But how would the conductor get silence from the shouting throng? Presto! It came like the smothering of a candle. The moment that the lights flashed the signal for silence and the conductor raised his baton for those cruel opening chords of Puccini's masterpiece, the audience was as silent as an empty cathedral.

Admittedly the orchestra, despite its augmented numbers, could not give us the full depth of a concert hall or an opera house. It sounded in fact like a superb gramophone record multiplied many times, yet lacking the tonal depth of the real thing. Then what would happen to the singers with no roof, but the star spangled sky and with the adjacent square of Verona offering avenues of escape to the tone?

Yet here was the paradox which soon made itself evident. Even if the tenor had possessed the loudest voice of all time he could not have split our ears in that vast open space, yet the sheer quality of the voice actually seemed enhanced.

In the world, I repeat that it must have been obvious to everyone except the tenor, Franco Corelli, who had ideas of his own on the subject.

Franco Corelli must have a diaphragm that would withstand the blow of an iron bar. When he sang to B flat his diaphragm holds it like the base of a marble pedestal. His throat is wide open and is as relaxed as if it had nothing to do with the tone that was passing through it on its way to the stars.

"Bravol, Bravol," shouted the crowd—and none of your nonsense about no applause until the end of the act. If Corelli hit a high note of exceptional power, they cheered him as if he had scored the winning goal. It did not even need to be the end of an aria or even a phrase. Sometimes it would be a mere musical dialogue that would bring the cheers of the faithful.

Yet the crowd could change its mood as swiftly as the composer could alter his theme. For example, there was a passage where the soprano was singing so softly that it was difficult to hear her. Whereupon a percussive voice from the crowd shouted "Fatti!" This caused both approval and disapproval, and a dispute broke out as to whether she was doing it the right way or the wrong. Whereupon those who wanted to hear the singer instead of the argument shouted noisily for silence. Fortunately the soprano at that moment soared to a tremendous high note and was cheered by everyone.

It was nearing midnight when the last act opened, and on the stage before our eyes was a city asleep except for the villainy in the hands of men. There was not a movement, not a sound in the great concourse. The tenor had been scoring points in the previous two rounds, but now his hour of supreme triumph had arrived.

Far away we heard his voice, soft, sad, yet so beautifully produced that it travelled across the stadium and floated over the rooftops of slumbering Verona.

The great crowd might have been figures on a painted screen, what mattered the likeness or the hour? True, there was work to be done on the morrow in

Verona, but why bother about anything so mundane as that? The dirty work by the villainous Scarpia (now a corpse) was what mattered.

And it was at this point that Signor Corelli, the tenor, decided to steel the decision from the vanished Signor Gobbi, the champion baritone of the world. When Corelli soared to a B flat, he just refused to come down. What he was using for breath I do not know. There were screams and shouts of delight from the crowd, with bows from the tenor, and then a deadly hush as he was seen gathering breath for another flight to the stratosphere.

On the surface it was not unlike the excitement caused by the weeping crooner, Johannes Hejrold, but underneath there was a world of difference. This vast crowd knew every note of "Tosca" and understood the superb control of the singer, who was flooding the very sides with the radiance of his voice.

So the performance came to an end, and we drove the thirty odd miles to Lake Garda, but not before the stadium director had invited us to be his guests on the next night when a stupendous production of "La Gioconda" would be performed. This time we would not have Signor Corelli. No! Not for "La Gioconda" there would be no less a star than Signor Giuseppe di Stefano, Italy's prime tenor assoluta (or so it sounded to me) who is without challenge in the world.

So next night we returned to the same setting except that the crowd was larger by probably a couple of thousand. I do not know what an Italian friend of mine in London had written to the management of the stadium, or whether it was the presence in our party of the daughter of Vivien Leigh and, therefore, the stepdaughter of Sir Laurence Olivier, but on each night we occupied the open roof box where Mussolini gave the Fascist salute to yelling mobs, and Roman emperors turned down their thumbs when the Christians had failed to give the lions sufficient amusement.

Unfortunately, there is a limit to human endurance, and at one a.m. we asked to be allowed to leave. The opera and spectacle, plus a special ballet, had another two hours to run, and despite these attractions and the glorious singing of young Signor di Stefano, the tenor, we felt that the hour of ignominious retreat had come.

"You will come again tonight?" the director asked. We thanked him profusely in a mixture of French, English and German, but said that tonight we would sleep if only for the novelty of it.

This morning I watched a dark, athletic young Italian, who is staying at this hotel, set off on water skis drawn by his very swaggy launch. Just as the skip came out he shouted a farewell to some lady, perhaps his wife, and there was something strangely familiar in the timbre of his voice.

Yes—it was none other than the tenor who was singing at Verona last night. He looked as vigorous and fresh as if he had slept for hours instead of three nights.

Anyway, I did not see Signor Corelli. But in the words of Shakespeare, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; but, if it be missed, the whole will surely drown."

## HI-LITE GLASSES

Add to your Beauty & Glamour



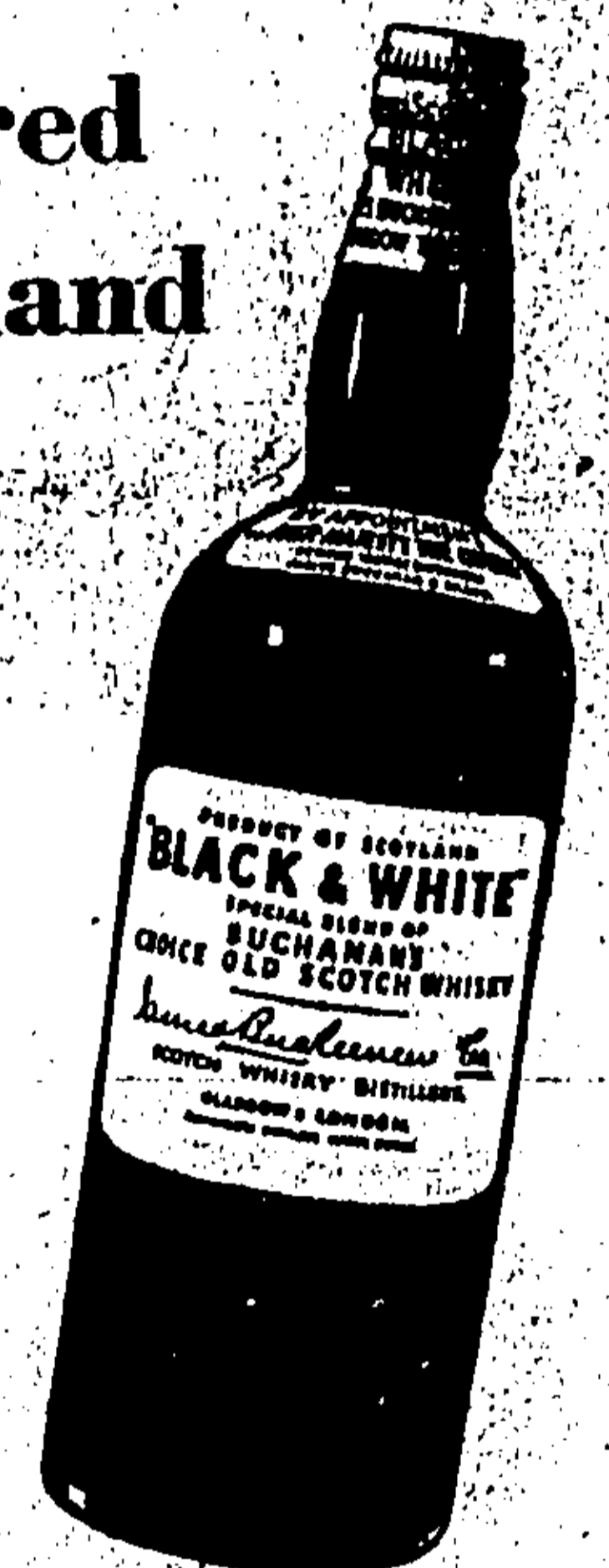
by BAUSCH & LOMB

Available at all Reputable Opticians



## The time-honoured drink from Scotland

Clean and refreshing, satisfying beyond compare, Scotch Whisky meets the need of any occasion. For entertaining it has no equal. Make your choice "Black & White" Scotch Whisky.



## 'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

"BUCHANAN'S"

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment Scotch Whisky Distillers



to Her Majesty The Queen James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD. GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

Sole Distributors: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

## CHILDREN'S PRESENTATION LIBRARY

This carefully selected library of the world's favourite children's books represents many hours of enjoyable reading at prices far below comparable standards of book manufacture. Fully illustrated.

### Titles

Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass by Lewis Carroll  
Black Beauty by Anna Sewall  
Children of the New Forest by Captain Marryat  
A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens  
Gulliver's Travels by Jonathan Swift  
Fairy Tales by Hans Andersen  
The Heroes by Charles Kingsley  
Tales from Shakespeare by Charles and Mary Lamb  
Palgrave's Golden Treasury  
Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson

PRESENTATION LIBRARY—10 BOOKS COMPLETE WITH CASE—ONLY \$75.00  
OR INDIVIDUAL BOOKS \$10.00 EACH

Only From

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST LTD

## JOHN GORDON IN AMERICA EXPLOSION POINT IN A RACIAL WAR

WE may be having our troubles, after a war that has swept away so much of our wealth and so much of our empire, but a rich, powerful America is having her troubles, too. And very dangerous some of them are.

For example, the racial war that is bubbling near to explosion points in the Southern States. It was too strong a word? With

occupying towns and angry citizens prepared to raise riot at any moment, I hardly think so.

What a situation it is. In the United States there are roughly 10,000,000 Negroes. Practically every one of them can trace descent from a slave brought forcibly to the country.

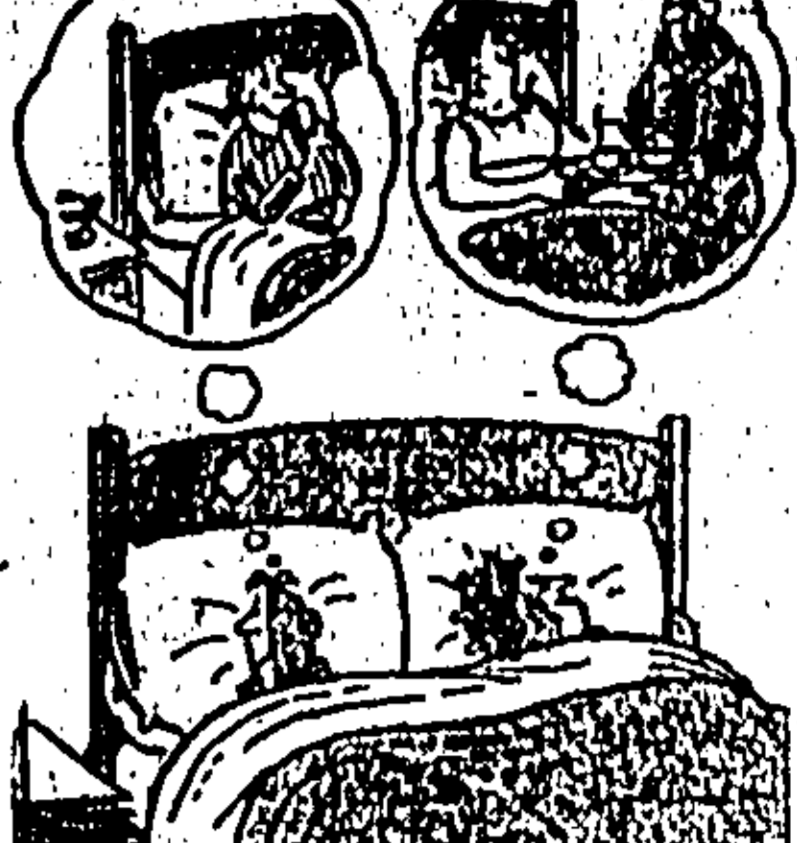
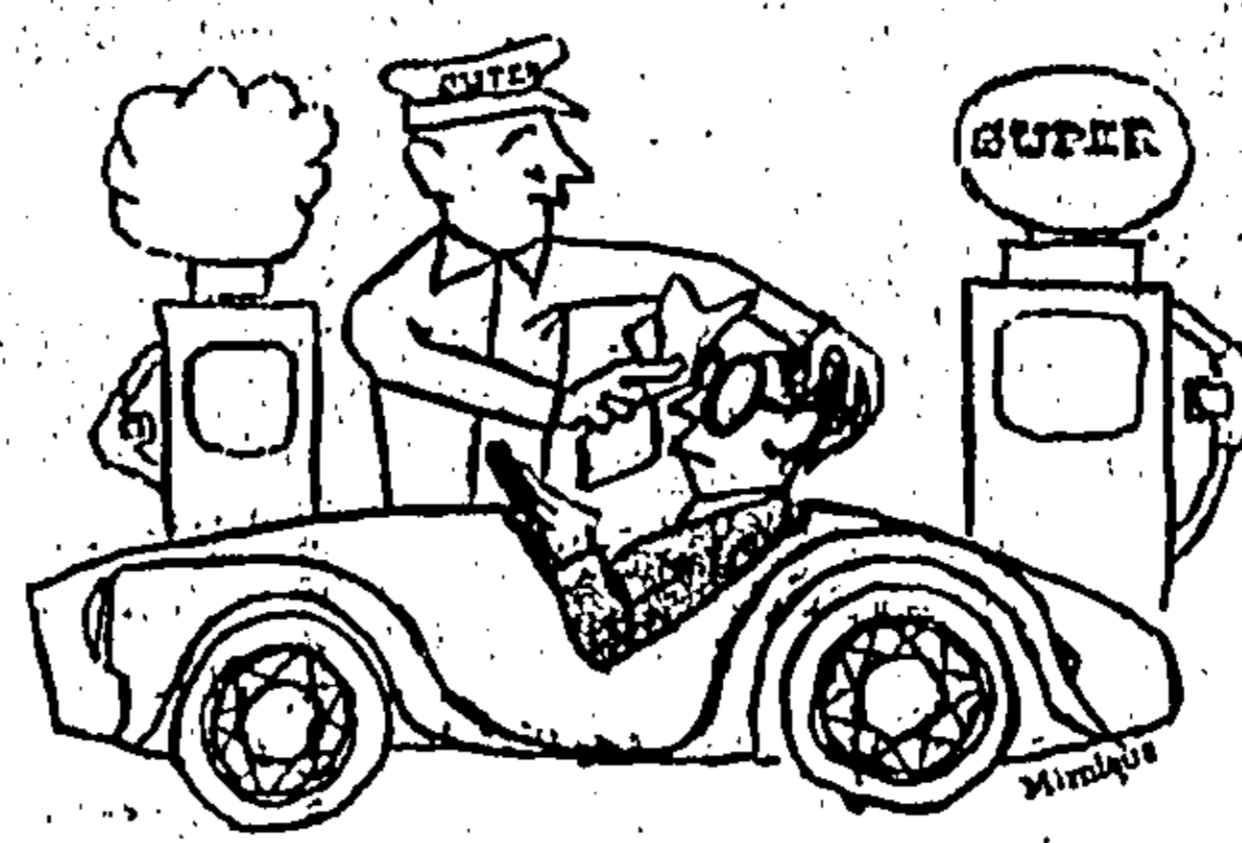
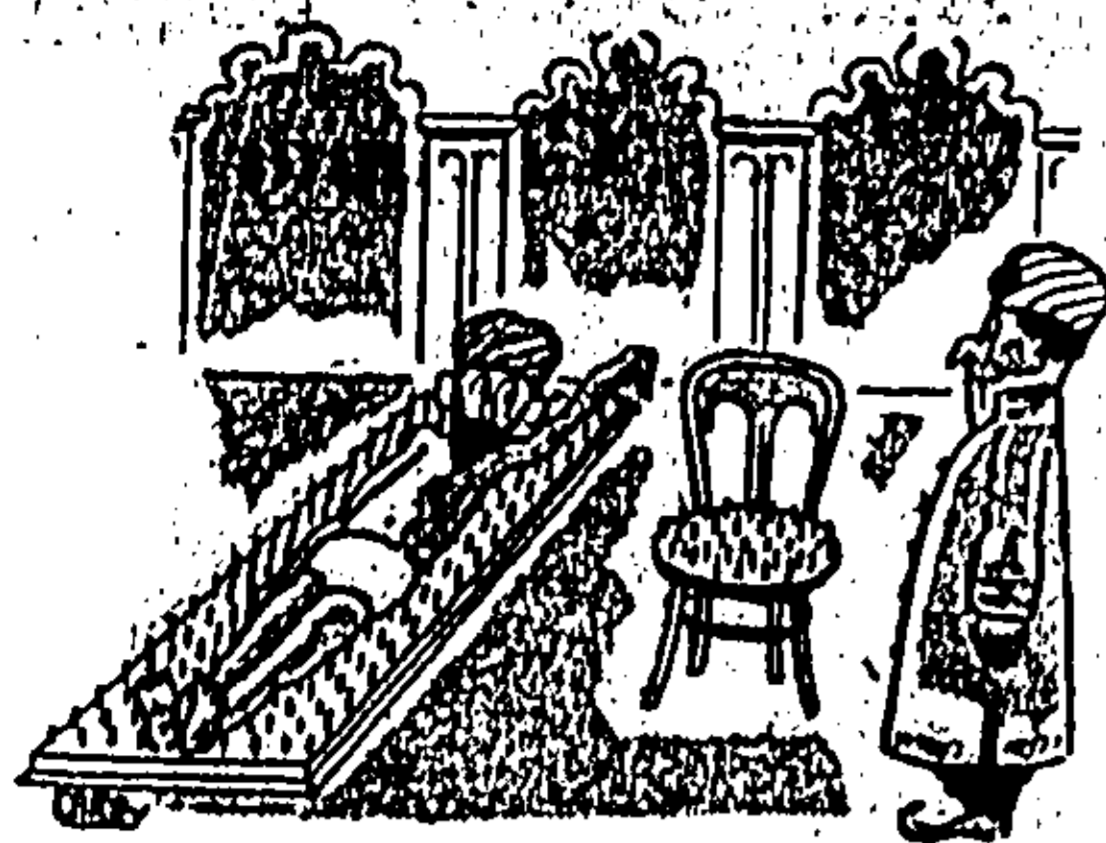
Criticism America for that great infancy if you wish, but don't forget that we were associated with America in 1945. We began that association by sending troops to fight in the Southern States. It was too strong a word? With

Now, after all these years, America is wrestling with her conscience. As one step to righting the wrong that was done she has conferred full citizenship upon her Negroes.

They now have the same rights as white Americans. And as part of these rights the law decrees that there must no longer be any discrimination in schools between white and black children.

In the tolerant North the problem is a comparatively easy one. In the South, the former slave States, it is a very different matter. There is a strong feeling of racial superiority and a deep-seated hatred of the Negro.

## ZANIES



## Gambling With Power In Stalin's Empire

By JULIUS GOULD

THIS spring Mr. Khrushchev began his biggest and most dramatic gamble. Could Communist power be maintained in a "reformed" society? Or would the "reforms" in the USSR and its neighbours loosen the Party's hold?

The reforms were clearly necessary: naked force could no longer suppress the tensions of life under Communism. Yet the risks involved were great—as Mr. Khrushchev must have known at the time. How much more obvious are those risks today!

At no time is a tyranny more vulnerable than when it attempts its own reform. The Soviet State machine can take a great many knocks—it can even absorb the de-thronement of Stalin! But in the East European satellites the situation is somewhat different.

### THEY REMEMBER

There are still men alive who remember freedom—who even hanker after social democracy. The State machines, having imposed a "revolution from above," are far from stable. The personal disclosures about Stalin have not raised the prestige of his satraps still in power in satellite Europe. Today, months after the Soviet Party Congress, Mr. Khrushchev must be counting his gains and losses.

The debt side of the account seems quite impressive. There has clearly been a weakening of State authority in Eastern Europe. It will not have escaped notice in Moscow that the Poznan rising came but a fortnight after a most severe purge of the Polish security corps, involving 500 dismissals and several hundred arrests. No police State can take such convulsions completely in its stride. The absence of security controls along the road from Warsaw to Poznan on the eve of the rising bore eloquent witness to this breakdown and confusion.

The purge of the hated security police and the milder attitude of the regime have been taken, of course, as a sign of weakness in Poland, but in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, too, there have been powerful currents at work, above the surface and below.

In Poland, as is well-known, the social and intellectual ferment has been the most exciting. Long before the workers of Poznan were shouting for bread, the intellectuals of Warsaw were demanding greater freedom of the expression and exchange of ideas. A small dose of freedom works wonders: even Communist intellectuals ask for more!

### THE LESSON

This was the lesson of the May meetings at which the requests of Czech students for Marxism and more academic liberty were dismissed by First Deputy Premier Kopecky as "tendentious provocations." The intellectual excitement of Warsaw were deemed unsuitable for Prague. The same zeal to protect young people from the strain of free discussion has been displayed in Hungary.

At work in Budapest had been a section of the official Youth Movement known as the "Petofi Circle" and there too liberties freely taken. So at the end of June—two days after the Poznan rising—the Hungarian Party leaders launched a special debate denouncing the circle's evening debates, at which, it seems, various writers had advanced "bourgeois counter-revolutionary ideas."

So scandalous were the proceedings, apparently, that young people listened with enthusiasm to "malignant anti-Party views" received without protest "standards against important leaders" and, what was worse, they shouted down pious Party speakers.

### CALCULATED RISK

These are some results of Khrushchev's springtime gamble—the calculated risk he chose to take. Can he succeed—or will events outpace him? His Central Committee's reaction to the Poznan riots was simply to repeat the formula that "Western agents and spies" had been at work. It displayed little insight or originality.

In Khrushchev's path stand many forces—the impatient hunger of the workers, the vested interests of the satellite leaders, the critical impulses of the younger generation. These forces pull in many directions. Can they combine? And if they do, what will become of Stalin's empire in Eastern Europe? (COPYRIGHT)

It includes a massive 19th-century chateau, hideous beyond belief, a smaller chateau, a private theatre, an enclosed winter garden, an amphitheatre for orchestral recitals, a Russian chalet, stables, huge parks covered with palm trees, cedars, pine trees and orange and olive trees, and finally—a choice detail—"a reconstruction of a Greek temple in ruins."

All this was once the property of Simon Patino, founder of the great Bolivian tin fortune. It has not been lived in since his death, and it is being put up for sale by his son, Antonio Patino, and four other direct heirs under his will.

This is one of three Patino properties in France in the process of being sold. A Victorian mansion on the Avenue Foch has already been sold for \$245,000. It will be pulled down and a block of flats built on the site.

Then there are Patino's stables—probably the most splendid in Europe—which are also going up for auction.

### ALL UNUSED

As all these properties were unused since Simon's death, there is a possibility that they will be sold at a discount. It is a pity that the properties are not being used for anything else.



Ekberg... "I want to ACT."

SURVEYS SOME NOTABLE SEASIDE SCENERY OF 1956—A DUO IN ITALY...

## A SHOW OF SPIRIT by Miss EKBERG

by Logan Gourlay

THEY were the first sight which greeted my travel-weary eyes when I entered the large marble-pillared foyer of Genoa's leading hotel.

Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel were draped amorously on a sofa.

They were probably demonstrating to the world that they are still happy and affectionate after three months of marriage. (Any way they're still married.)

They could not only be seen but they could be heard all over the foyer. Their voices bounced loudly off the marble pillars.

They shouted at me: "Come over and have a drink," I went.

Mr Steel slapped me on the back and said: "Why have you come to this awful dump? Now I know why Christopher Columbus left!"

### 'TELL ME WHY'

Miss Ekberg made room for me on the sofa on her left flank (her husband of course was on the right) and got down to personal matters:— "Why did the press louse up our marriage? Tell me, why?"

She meant, I supposed, the chaotic, unceremonial, uncivil, civil ceremony in Florence's town hall.

I said I didn't think she could blame the press entirely for that.

"What about the damned photographers?" said Miss Ekberg, who has become what ever she is today by being photographed—off screen often than on—in provocative, pneumatic poses.

She cooled her ire about photographers with a sip of vodka and orange juice.

Mr Steel made an announcement defiantly and loud enough to be heard on the top floor of the hotel. "Well, we're still happily married. I adore my beautiful wife."

"Isn't he wonderful?" said she. "You'll never guess what he was doing the other night when I got back to the hotel from work."

"I wouldn't try," I said. "He was getting everything ready for the laundry pile of my lingerie on one side and his own silk shirts on the other. He's the best husband in the world. We're very much in love."

### WONDERFUL

He rose and picked up an enormous china vase from a table. Smiling playfully he heaved it in my direction.

I managed to hold it when it landed in my lap. Miss Ekberg roared: "Wouldn't you rather I was in your lap?"

Mr Steel said: "Now, now, keep your arm round the vase. Don't touch my wife."

I didn't argue, but they were determined to demonstrate their burning love.

They went into a clench and kissed passionately. The sofa creaked. I looked away. I was beginning to feel like a voyeur, a boudoir interloper.

Two hotel guests sitting near by left hurriedly.

Mr Steel disentangled himself and called for more refreshment from the bar.

He rose and picked up an enormous china vase from a table. Smiling playfully he heaved it in my direction.

I managed to hold it when it landed in my lap. Miss Ekberg roared: "Wouldn't you rather I was in your lap?"

Mr Steel said: "Now, now, keep your arm round the vase. Don't touch my wife."

### HER INTERESTS

I said I had no designs on Miss Ekberg or the vase. I gave the vase to a porter who had been sent to protect hotel property.

Three guests who had been watching from the other side of the foyer left for the safety of their rooms. I looked after them enviously and inquired about the professional career of Miss Ekberg, who was in Italy on location for a new film.

Mr Steel said: "I've just come along for the ride. But it's just as well I'm here to protect Anita's interests."

He made it clear that he didn't think much of Victor Mature, who is her leading man in the film.

"A lot of these Hollywood leading men are full of hot air," said Mr Steel.

He danced around the sofa throwing punches in a display of shadow boxing, which was meant, I gathered, to show how to defeat a Hollywood leading man full of hot air.

Mr Steel is an ex-Guardsman and amateur boxer. I asked him if he was likely to become a leading man himself in Hollywood, where he was living recently with his wife.

### OFFERS

"I've had lots of offers from the leading studios but nothing's definitely settled yet. Course I still have that contract with the Rank Organisation at home, but they're offering me some good parts lately."

Three signorinas approached, smiled sweetly, and held out their autograph books.

While Miss Ekberg was signing a book she noticed that it was filled with photographs of a Hollywood leading man. None of her.

She screamed: "What's this? Why should I sign this book?"

She hissed disdaintfully at one of the photographs, and threw the book back.

The signorina fled. Mr Steel said: "Quite a girl, eh? She's got spirit."

Miss Ekberg put her hand, which could not be described as petite, over his mouth and said: "Shsh. I want to talk."

"It's not that I don't like signing autographs. I were always doing it in London." (She still does Swedish screen results occasionally with English verbs.)

"But now I do not sign autographs when I am working on the set."

"After all, would the Prime Minister of England... would Winston Churchill stop the work in the Houses of Parliament to sign autographs. Would he?"

"No."

She adjusted her tight green jeans and crossed her legs, which are longer than a Churchillian cigar, and more shapely.

Mr Steel got a word in: "Anita's career is going very well. I'm proud of her. People make fun of her English and her accent. But they're improving all the time."

(So far her film appearances have been brief ones—with dubbed voices—in poor films, but she will shortly be seen in two epic, "War and Peace" and "Zarak Khan.")

Miss Ekberg took over: "I'm serious about my work. I can do up posing for the chesapeake pictures. That's nothing. Now I want to act."

She waved her arm in an histrionic gesture. Unfortunately she knocked over a drink on the table and the contents spilled over Mr Steel's blue sports trousers.

### 'LIKE AN OAF'

He stood up looking like a careless, shamed little boy. She said: "Oh, and change, darling. You look disgraceful."

He went upstairs and she followed. Fifteen minutes later he came back wearing an unstained pair of cream sports trousers. He was alone.

She had probably stayed behind to start the major operation of packing her 11 pieces of luggage for their return to London.

Several hours later—around three in the morning—he was still downstairs in the foyer, up-brading the lift boy because "he stared like an oaf at my lovely wife," and teaching the porters how to salute like Guardsmen.

"They're no good, these people. Never make soldiers of them. One Guardsman could take care of 5000 of them."

He offered to teach me how to salute like a Guardsman. I said: "No, thanks."

"You're no good. You call 'fall out'."

I fell out.

Mr Steel went upstairs. Presumably to teach his wife how to salute.

(COPYRIGHT)

## A PATINO ESTATE GOES UP FOR SALE

UP for public auction next week goes one of the world's most fabulous relics of the Victorian era. It is the immense property known as the Chateau Valrose, located on the hills overlooking Nice.

It includes a massive 19th-century chateau, hideous beyond belief, a smaller chateau, a private theatre, an enclosed winter garden, an amphitheatre for orchestral recitals, a Russian chalet, stables, huge parks covered with palm trees, cedars, pine trees and orange and olive trees, and finally—a choice detail—"a reconstruction of a Greek temple in ruins."

All this was once the property of Simon Patino, founder of the great Bolivian tin fortune. It has not been lived in since his death, and it is being put up for sale by his son, Antonio Patino, and four other direct heirs under his will.

This is one of three Patino properties in France in the process of being sold. A Victorian mansion on the Avenue Foch has already been sold for \$245,000. It will be pulled down and a block of flats built on the site.

Then there are Patino's stables—probably the most splendid in Europe—which are also going up for auction.

### ALL UNUSED

As all these properties were unused since Simon's death, there is a possibility that they will be sold at a discount. It is a pity that the properties are not being used for anything else.

process of establishing a legal residence in Mexico.

His wife's lawyers in Paris believe that a reason for the move may be that Senor Patino intends to apply for a Mexican divorce from his wife. As soon as this news became known the lawyers began to sharpen their wits for yet another stage in the 10-year-old legal battle between Patino and his Spanish-born wife, who was formerly the Duchess of Dural.

The battle has been fought in New York and Paris.

### BLOCKED ASSETS

THE last judgment in New York ordered Senor Antonio Patino to pay his wife \$30,000 a year. The last verdict of the Paris High Court declares her entitled to half her husband's income and estates. Pending further litigation in the case, the court ordered an inventory of Patino's possessions in Paris and ruled that his assets here should be blocked pending further appeal.

One result has been that Senor Patino has contested a gift her husband made to the Louvre, pointing out that while she approved the gift, it should be described as a joint gift and not one offered solely by Senor Patino.

Senor Patino opposes divorce both because she is a Roman Catholic and because, having both married under Bolivian law, she can claim half his fortune. It is not known whether Senor Patino has made an attempt to secure a Papal annulment of the marriage.

It has been said that Senor Patino still a young and beautiful woman, lives there in a luxurious manner, and is surrounded by a large staff of servants.

Senor Patino, still a young and beautiful woman, lives there in a luxurious manner, and is surrounded by a large staff of servants.

### PARIS NEWSLETTER FROM SAM WHITE

every possible action her husband might make.

### ARMY LIFE

CAZE down from Alexander III bridge along the Seine and an enviable sight meets the eye. There, moored by the Quai d'Orsay, is a 125ft. two-mast motor yacht, and standing beside it on the quay is an elegant, plum-coloured 1955 Mercedes.

Who is the fabulously rich man who owns these desirable properties? I went down to investigate and made a surprising discovery. The owner is Surgeon-major John Yates of the United States army, stationed at SHAPE.

Yates has been in the army for 18 years and has only four more years to serve. He bought the yacht, he says, as an investment against his retirement. He aims to carry out improvements to it and then let it out on charter in Florida and the Bahamas.

He will sail it back to Florida when he is posted back to the States and is already engaged in getting army approval for time off against leave for the 40-day voyage across.

### 'I SAVED'

I ASKED Yates how he had managed to save so much money out of his pay. Said Yates in his slow drawl: "Well, I have been kinda lucky. I have always played a little crap and a little poker, and I saved my money. My wife works for the army too, and saved. I saved, my money by staying out of jobs."

ed at SHAPE. Sergeant-major Yates, who is a Southerner, told me he bought the yacht, which is insured at Lloyd's for £12,000, out of his savings. He lives on board with his Viennese wife.

Yates has been in the army for 18 years and has only four more years to serve. He bought the yacht, he says, as an investment against his retirement. He aims to carry out improvements to it and then let it out on charter in Florida and the Bahamas.

He will sail it back to Florida when he is posted back to the States and is already engaged in getting army approval for time off against leave for the 40-day voyage across.

### 'I SAVED'

I ASKED Yates how he had managed to save so much money out of his pay. Said Yates in his slow drawl: "Well, I have been kinda lucky. I have always played a little crap and a little poker, and I saved my money. My wife works for the army too, and saved. I saved, my money by staying out of jobs."

The only money I spend is on an occasional coffee in a canteen.

cafe. I came here in 1953 and began looking round for some property. I could buy a military man here couldn't buy any French property.

"I tried in Britain, but the credit squeeze there is too tight. Cars and yachts are about the only properties a military man can buy over here. He stood back and gazed at his Mercedes and his yacht. "I don't know another sergeant in the United States army who owns a yacht and a Mercedes."

### QUOTE...

UNITED States all magazine Charles W. Wrightman: The trouble with the British is that they won't work. That is the trouble with Hallams too. I know I have just come back from Venice.

### INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

The famous Alhambra music hall is to be rehoused the Maurice Chevalier theatre in honour of Chevalier's 68th birthday.

(COPYRIGHT)

### JOHNNY HAZARD



this situation calls for a San Miguel

## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## The New Autumn Outfit Goes With Different Accessories

By Joy Matthews

**SWAYING** into autumn come the new suits. Some, like the one in the picture, aren't suits at all, but dresses and jackets. What's new about them? What makes them the look for autumn-winter 1956-1957?

First, it's a soft look—without being a dressmaker look. The jacket is too sharply defined. The line is too crisp. The whole thing is lacking in the gathers and gores that marked the old-time dress and jacket.

★ ★ ★

Secondly, the fabric is smooth. Gone are the bulky, tubby tweeds that we've had. Butted down our throats for two—or is it three—years. Some are made in checked and tartan tweeds. But the skirts are always soft enough to pleat without looking bulky.

Thirdly, they do away with the idea that you have to have a suit made to measure for it to be a success.

With their wide, full skirts, tiny waists, and loose, unfitted jackets and standaway collars, there is no need to waste time on two or three fittings or money on expensive alterations. For the first time in years we can be fast-fashionable, we can be practical, we can be comfortable—AND we can please the man. Paris has come in with a fashion that fits the times.

We've all hated wearing those tight skirts that we're told to pull up when we sit down, to avoid seating. We've all protested we liked the fitted jackets that never fitted unless they were built by a master hand. And we've all either hated that backward look at the twenties—or worn it with apologies to our men friends.

## SNOB WATCH

FROM TV to the I'm-a-snob show, to seeing I've been snob-watching for years, and I've found snobbery isn't confined to the debs and dowagers.



MORE MONEY THAN TASTE

1 She buys the latest and most expensive hat. Adds a bit of pearls—right rows at least—the newest whip-handled umbrella. ALL seen in the glossy magazines—and wears them ALL.



YOUNG AS YOU AREN'T

2 She's taking a new look at herself in a cloth cloche. She's adding a bevy of bracelets. She's given herself the dressed-up look with a splash of silk violets. Take another look.



THE PERFECT LADY

3 She's terrified of not looking her class. She must have the uniform of the half-hat, the peep-toe shoes, the "good-looking" bag. To show her husband is doing well—the fur wrap.

Hauling in the latest snobbery I hear that I'm not all right if I have sweet or pudding. I must have cheese or fruit. I mustn't show off my roses—only my dahlias. I must drink vodka martini instead of gin. I mustn't have handkerchiefs for the baby—or allow my husband to show the tiniest bit of handkerchief in his breast pocket.

And whatever I do I must not send my friends postcards from Margate or Majorca when I'm on holiday. It's letters or nothing.

Snobbery in other spheres of life come from Frank Launder, film director, who

gives away the film foibles. The greatest snobbery in the film world now is to say that the stage is far, far more important than films. A film is sordid commerce. The stage is the rage.

★ ★ ★

"An actor will act in the theatre today even in the smallest part. But when it comes to the film—it must be Richard III or he won't play."

Kenneth More, who has a crack at the critics: "The greatest theatrical snobs are the critics. They send people to see

—by Bernard Shaw or Bert Brecht. They don't like comedies. They don't like thrillers. They give the kiss of death to the sort of play that thousands of people really want to see."

Elizabeth David, cookery expert, frowns at the latest food fashion: "The 'barbecue snobbery' seems absolutely ludicrous to me. Barbecue cooking is essentially out-of-door cooking. But in order to get in on the barbecue binge the English prepare everything indoors—and then take it out of doors and eat it under an umbrella."

John Cavanagh, dress designer, tells us the inside dress snobbery: "One works in a shop. Not a salon, not a saloon, not a showroom. Whenever I say I'm off to the shop, people start. But that's what it must be called. And, of course, we make dresses. Never frocks, gowns, creations, or mantles."

## American Women Are Recontouring At A Record Rate

New York. WE are recontouring ourselves at a record rate. The loss in our girth, in a matter of inches, is well above the multi-million mark annually.

It might seem impossible, considering how hard one woman works to get off one inch, but figures (statistical kind) show it's true. One firm of medical research consultants estimates that 1/3 of our adult population now indulges each year in some attempt at recontouring.

## VARIOUS MEANS

This means either dieting, exercising, massage or one of the mechanical devices available. Recontouring, incidentally, is the newest and most ladylike way of saying you're trying to get back your old shape.

Just to check one area of recontouring progress, we visited a Fifth Avenue salon where women, plus a few men, stream in and out daily to try and get slim the easy way. Most of them walk out carrying trim aluminum cases, which contain the rubber pads, electric wires and dials that produce the re-shaping effect.

"Are you a user?" we asked Robert Ressler, vice-president of Relaxator, Inc., and the man in charge of the pink-pointed salon.

"Before I wear my tuxedo," he admitted, "I take off a couple inches when I know I'm going to be wearing it. Otherwise the jacket's too tight."

## MEN ARE MORE AVID

Most of the women who come in, Ressler said, want to do something about their hips—or their waistlines. The majority are between 35 and 45 years old. Only approximately eight percent of the clients here and in other cities where the muscle stimulating machines are sold are men.

"When a man does get interested," Ressler said, "we find he is usually more avid about losing inches than a woman is."

Many of the people who walk into the salon for information look surprisingly slim. At their backs, they want to reduce their inch-measurement only to one special area. They

take the muscle stimulating machines home for daily use. "We find there is no such thing as an average figure," Ressler said. "It is impossible to say that a woman of one height should have certain measurements. It depends on the woman."

Dieting causes other women to search for some simple way to tighten flabby areas and trim off bulges. They lose as much as 20 pounds and find they still need recontouring.

"The devices to assist in recontouring are largely a development of the last decade," said Ressler, whose company has become a multi-million dollar corporation in that time. "Figure maintenance is becoming a major national industry."

—United Press.

## Fashionettes

LIKE pastel colours, print dresses are becoming 12-month fashions. Many designers showed printed silk and satin dresses along with their winter tweed suits this year.

The latest print promoter is the designer for Hattie Carnegie. The custom clothes created under the name of the late fashion leader were shown recently, including an entire group of evening prints.

Short and long evening dresses can bloom with everything from zinnias to lilies, something that used to be considered proper only in the spring. The printed materials most often are heavy taffeta or satin.

The increasing number of back-plunging necklines has caused a reshaping in the brassiere industry. Women are buying more—here—backed brassieres than ever before, the Corset and Brassiere Association reports. And it's a strictly 20th century engineering feat to design a brassiere that stays up in front and down in back.

Green is the most popular new colour in sports clothes. Shirts, shorts, slacks, coats and separates come in a mossy green called jaden green for this season only.

One designer even featured a ball gown in luscious green chiffon trimmed with big bows.



IT'S PLAIN AND GOOD... DON'T SPOIL IT

Expert says the wife plays an important role in her husband's success... and

## It's Disastrous When The Wife Competes With The Employer

ONE top management consultant says too many of today's women are innocently, but quite effectively, keeping their husbands from developing into executives.

They're doing it by insisting that a man's leisure time be devoted to odd jobs around the house or hauling the family to a beach or picnic grounds, says Jack Klein, head of the Klein Aptitude Testing Institute.

"And," said Klein, "if the husband argues that he ought to be catching up on some of his office work at home, the wife answers, 'Well, why don't you get a job where you don't have to work so hard?'"

"She wants him to get the increases in salary, but she doesn't want him to spend the time and do the work involved. The wife is competing with the employer."

Klein's 14-year-old firm, through a series of interviews

and tests, helps companies decide which man should be in what job.

"If a man is to get ahead in business, he must have some of his leisure time for self-improvement," Klein continued. "He may not have trouble handling that other job now, but at the time comes when a company has to cut back, his head is the first to fall."

Klein said the wife isn't the only culprit. America's increased leisure time, especially since World War II, also is to blame. "We have so many new outlets for our leisure, so many temptations," he pointed out.

He said that most of the women guilty of holding their husbands back are doing so without malice—"they just don't think."

Women "do not visualise the future as a man does," he continued. "They look to today and tomorrow. Not to what their devotion to a job may mean to the whole family 10 years hence."

## CASE HISTORIES

Klein said some men have rebelled against the lawn-mower and the gardening tools after office hours, "but only a few have the strength to do it. Most of them just give up after a while."

Klein said a wife's role in her husband's success is so important that most large companies now interview her, too, when they are hiring a new executive, or moving an employee to a top post.

The Institute's files are full of case histories in which a wife's reluctance to move to a new city has kept her husband from getting ahead. Yet, there are others in which the wife was fully aware of the part she must play. One wife started studying Spanish the minute she heard her husband might be in line for a bigger job in South America with his oil company employer.

Klein's advice to the little woman is: "If your husband wants to better himself, see that you and the kids let him use some of his spare time to do it."

We asked Klein about his own success, whether his wife, Toni, was a helpmate.

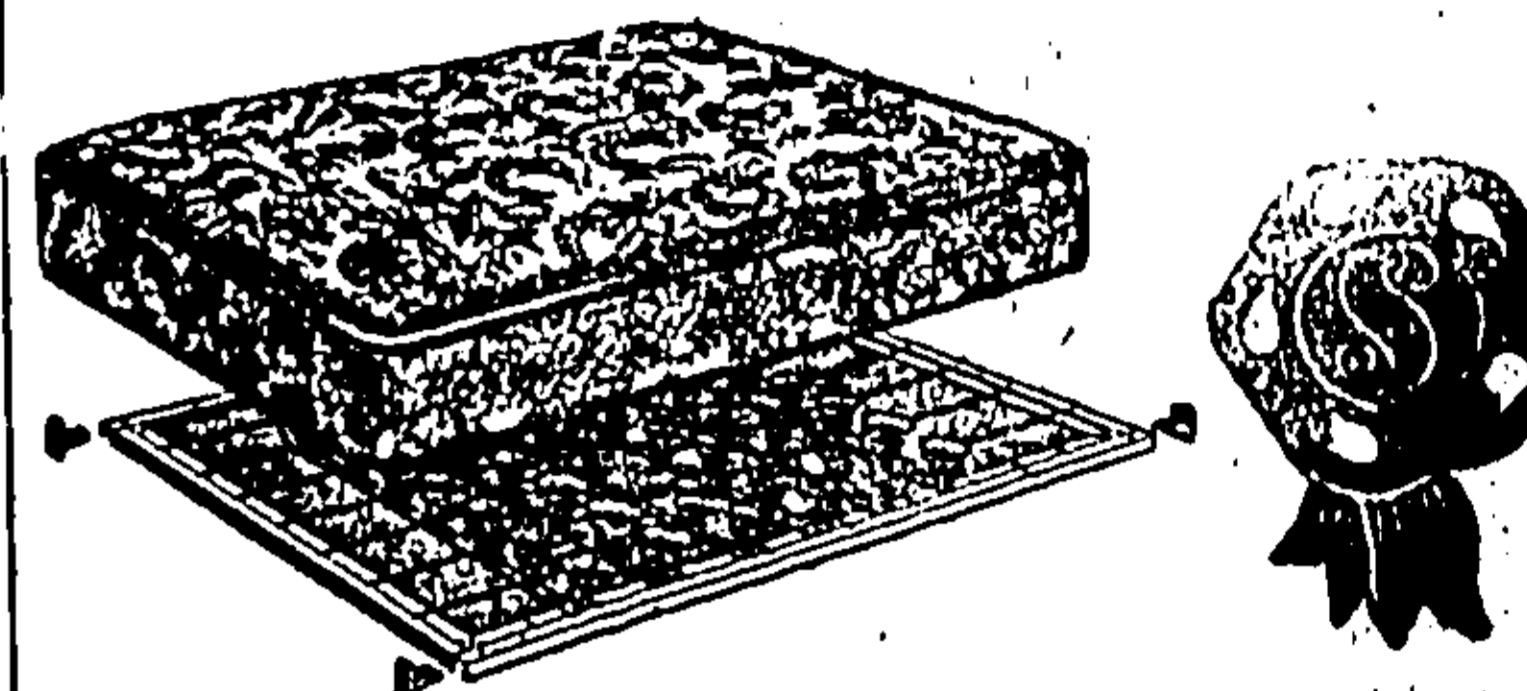
"You bet she is," said Klein. "She's a partner in the Klein Aptitude Testing Institute."



A dressy frock in black lace, from the Jacques Yash salon. It has a strapless bodice and flared skirt, accented with a black waist belt. — Jacques Yash, Paris.



You'll sleep so soundly on a Luxurious New Slumberland.



AMBER SEAL—Styled for super-comfort, it is cushioned with layers of thick felt interlaced with fine hair. Beneath this is the famous Ortho-flex springing exclusive to Slumberland.

Also in GOLD SEAL • RED SEAL & WHITE SEAL STRONG & DURABLE FOUNDATION BED SPRING TO GO WITH YOUR SLUMBERLAND MATTRESS.

**Slumberland**  
BRITISH MADE



the most luxurious mattress of all

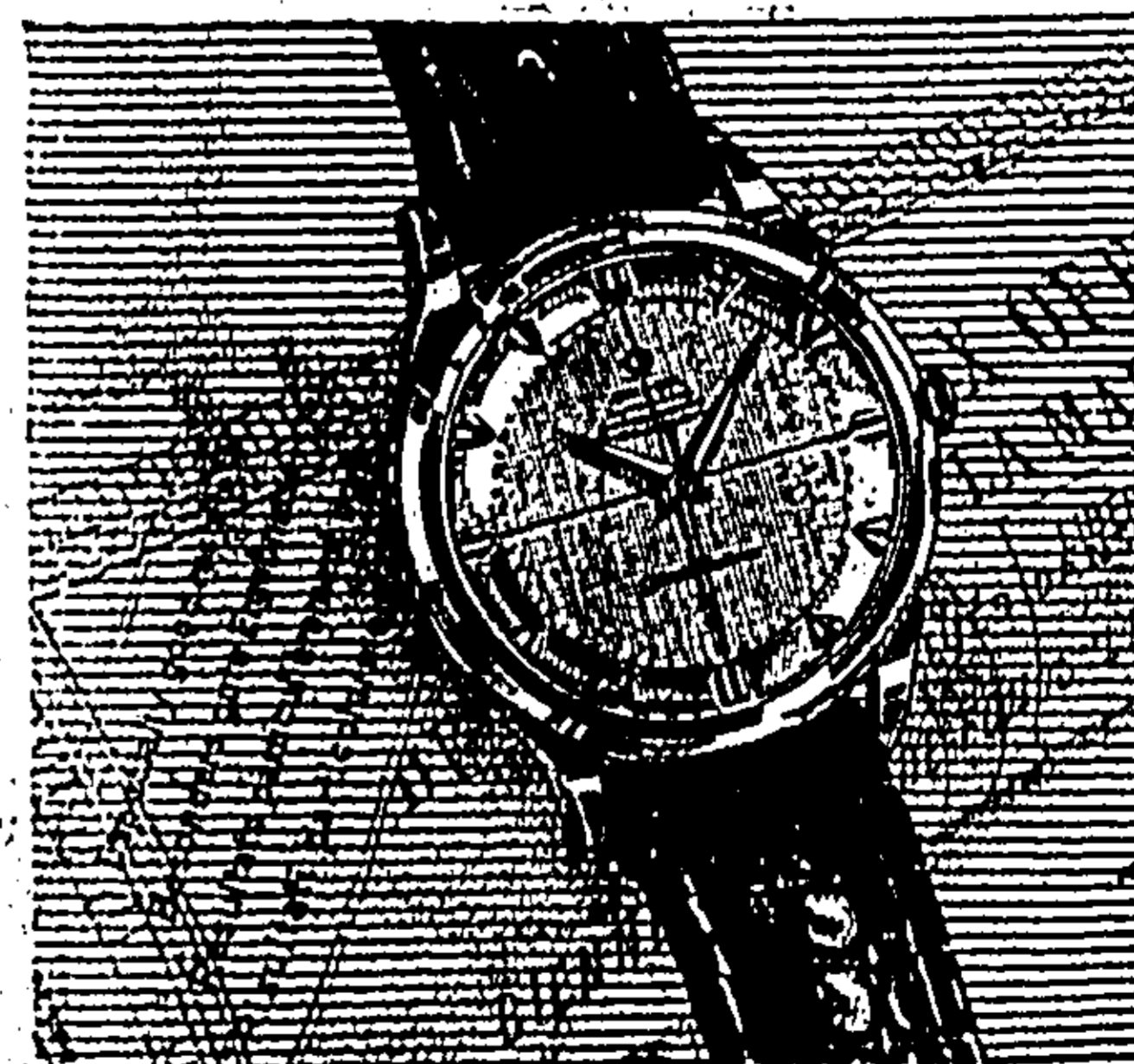
Sole Agents:  
S. H. LANGSTON & CO., LTD.  
Queen's Building HONGKONG Tel: 28895

What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

A chronometer is a "super watch"

It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

Before you buy a chronometer, look to see whether it is officially certified with "especially good results." Every Omega Constellation is! Automatic, waterproof, shock-protected, antimagnetic.



**OMEGA Constellation**

The watch the world has learned to trust  
Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland

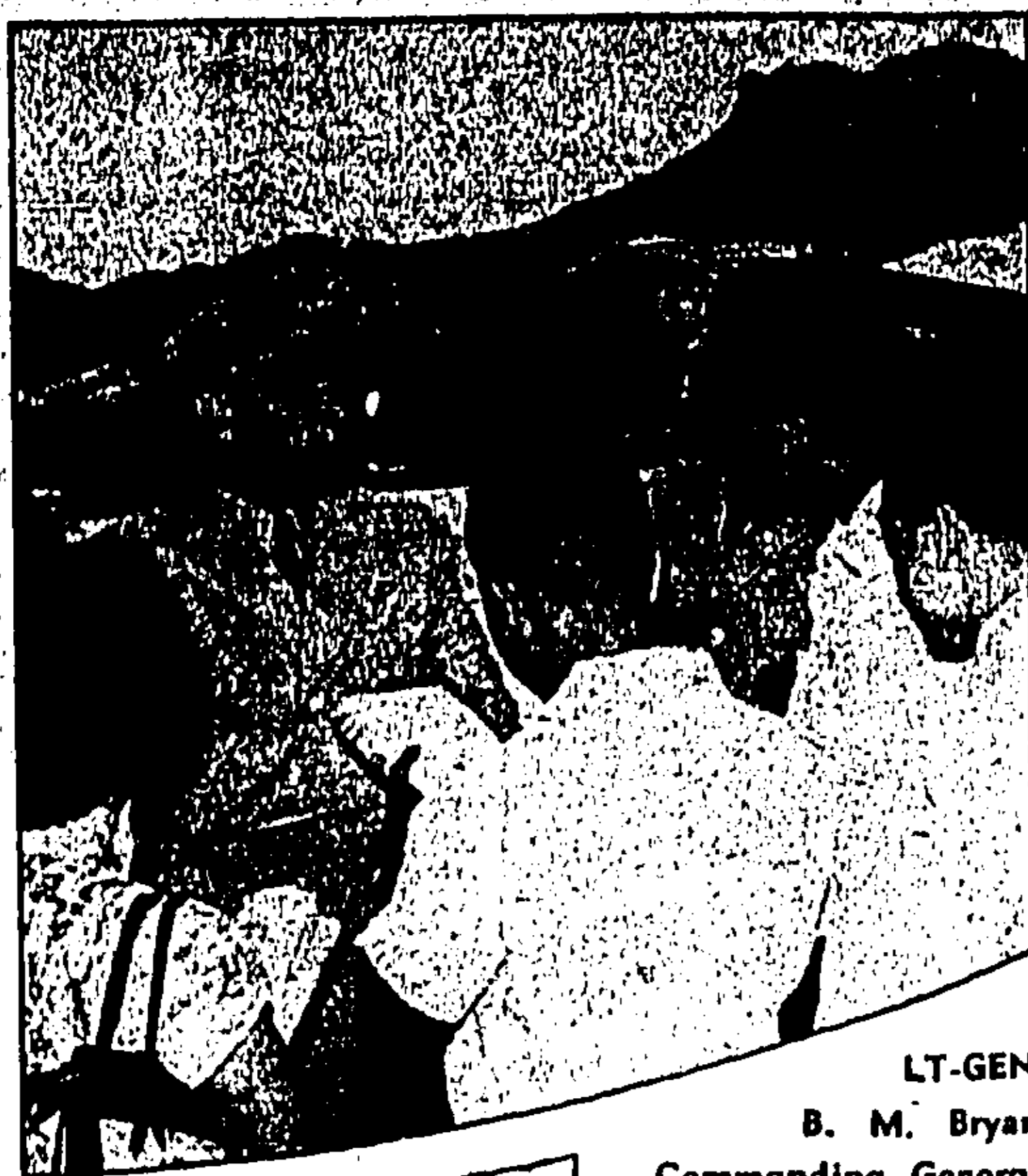
Sole Agents: OMTIS LTD.

**OMEGA** *Just*

210 Gloucester Building



**PROFESSOR**  
Arnold Toynbee, the noted historian, obligingly autographs copies of his books for students who attended the lecture he gave at the Hongkong University on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



**LT-GEN.**  
B. M. Bryan, Commanding General, U.S. Army, Pacific, speaking to reporters at Kai Tak Airport on his arrival here on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



**GROUP** picture taken at the close of season meeting and prize presentation of the Ladies Section (Deep Water Bay) of the Royal Hongkong Golf Club. (Staff Photographer)



**RIGHT:** Brigadier F. C. C. Graham, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, congratulating WOI (RSM) F. Edwards after presenting him with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal at the annual administrative inspection held at Victoria Barracks. (Staff Photographer)



**RIGHT:** Wedding at the Registry on Tuesday of Mr. Woo Po-shing and Miss Fong Shuet-fun. (Staff Photographer)

**RIGHT:** At the opening of the new YMCA Hostel in Tonkin Street, Shumshulpo. Mr. L. P. Kwok, President of the Chinese YMCA, presenting a souvenir to Mrs. Chan Tak-tai, one of the donors. (Staff Photographer)



**BELOW:** Petty Officer Wren F. Brown, HKWVNR, receiving from Mrs. L. T. Ride, wife of the Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, the Hongkong Women's Volunteer Forces rifle championship trophy. (Staff Photographer)



**JACQUELINE PAMELA LEONG**, only child of Mr and Mrs Lawrence Leong, celebrated her ninth birthday with a party for 50 friends. Photo shows Jackie blowing out the candles on her birthday cake, shaped in the figure of the numeral 9. (Francis Wu)



**A St John Ambulance Brigade team** taking part in the annual Turner Shield Competition at St John Headquarters on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



**A young helper** selling a flower during the Po Leung Kuk's street drive last Saturday for funds to help distressed women and children. (Staff Photographer)



**LEFT:** Christening at St. Andrew's Church last Sunday of Jean Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs F.G.W. Jeavons. (Staff Photographer)



**RIGHT:** Queen's College and St. Joseph's College old boys who played in a friendly lawn bowls match last week at the Indian Recreation Club. Queen's old boys won by 64 shots to 47 on two of links. (Staff Photographer)



**ONE CALL**



**31175**

**WILL DO ALL...**

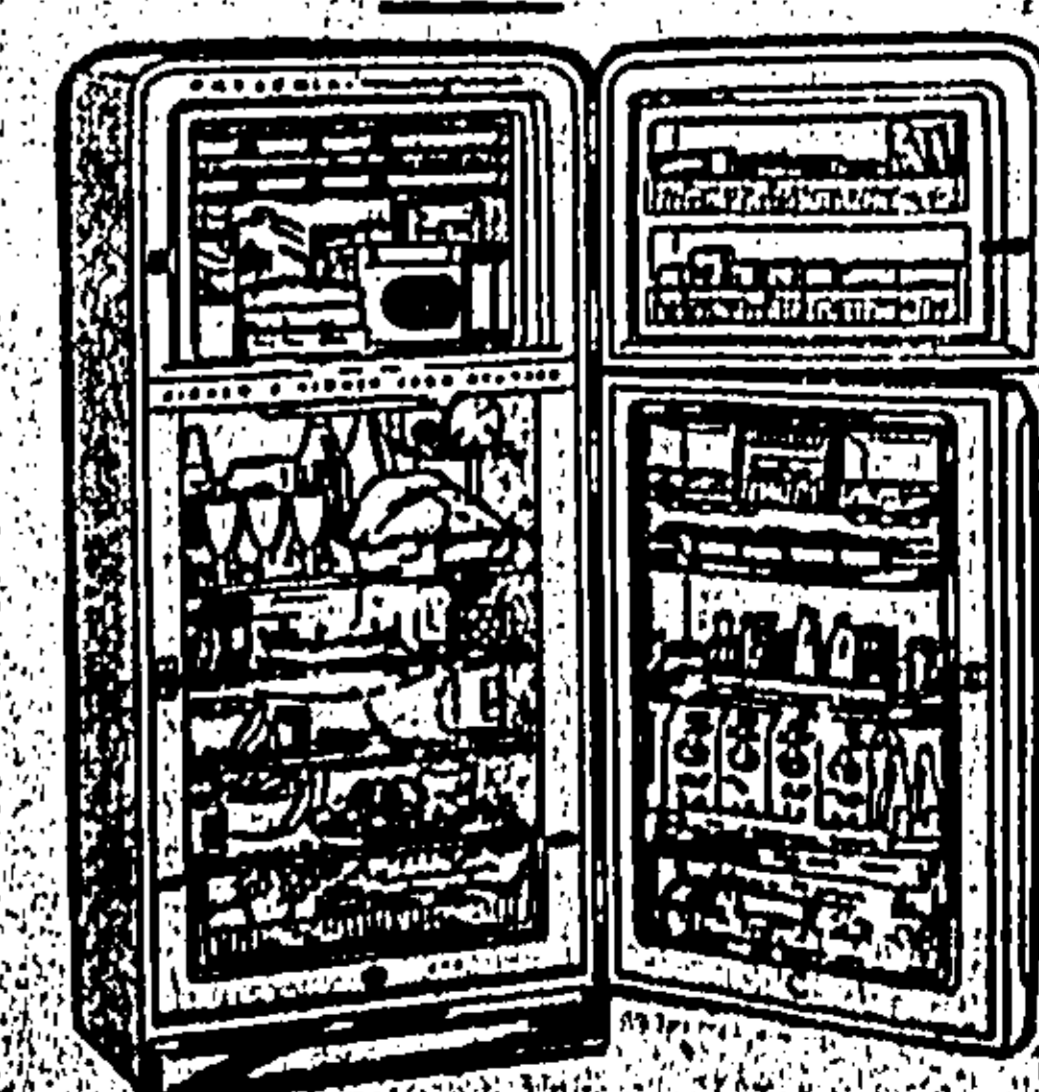
INFORMATION — RESERVATION  
— TRANSPORTATION

**American Lloyd Travel Service Ltd.**  
SHELL HOUSE • HONGKONG

"Extra Service At No Extra Charge"

*Put the*  
**DOUBLE DOOR  
DOUBLE SIZE FREEZER  
(DOUBLE VALUE!)**

**PHILCO Refrigerator**  
IN YOUR HOUSE



\* TWO DOOR LUXURY \* DOUBLE DEPTH  
\* INDEPENDENT 24" \* DAIRY BAR  
\* ZERO FREEZER \* SHELTONE COLOUR  
\* AIR CONDITIONED \* STYLING  
\* AUTOMATIC DEFROST \* DULUX EXTERIOR  
Call at GILMAN'S Gloucester Arcade Tel. 31146  
See the New PHILCO Refrigerators



LEFT: Miss Elizabeth Agnes Mary Perry, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. E. Perry, and Lieutenant George Michael Fleetwood, RA, leaving St Joseph's Church after their wedding. (Staff Photographer)

DOUBLE christening at St Peter's Church of Helen, daughter of Mr and Mrs P. F. Malpas, and Howard Trevor, son of Mr and Mrs D. D. Malpas. (Ming Yuen)



MRS M. J. P. Hogan, wife of the Chief Justice, with little Miss Janice Long, who presented her with a bouquet of flowers after she had launched the new ferry, Man Foon, at the Hongkong Shipyard. (Staff Photographer)

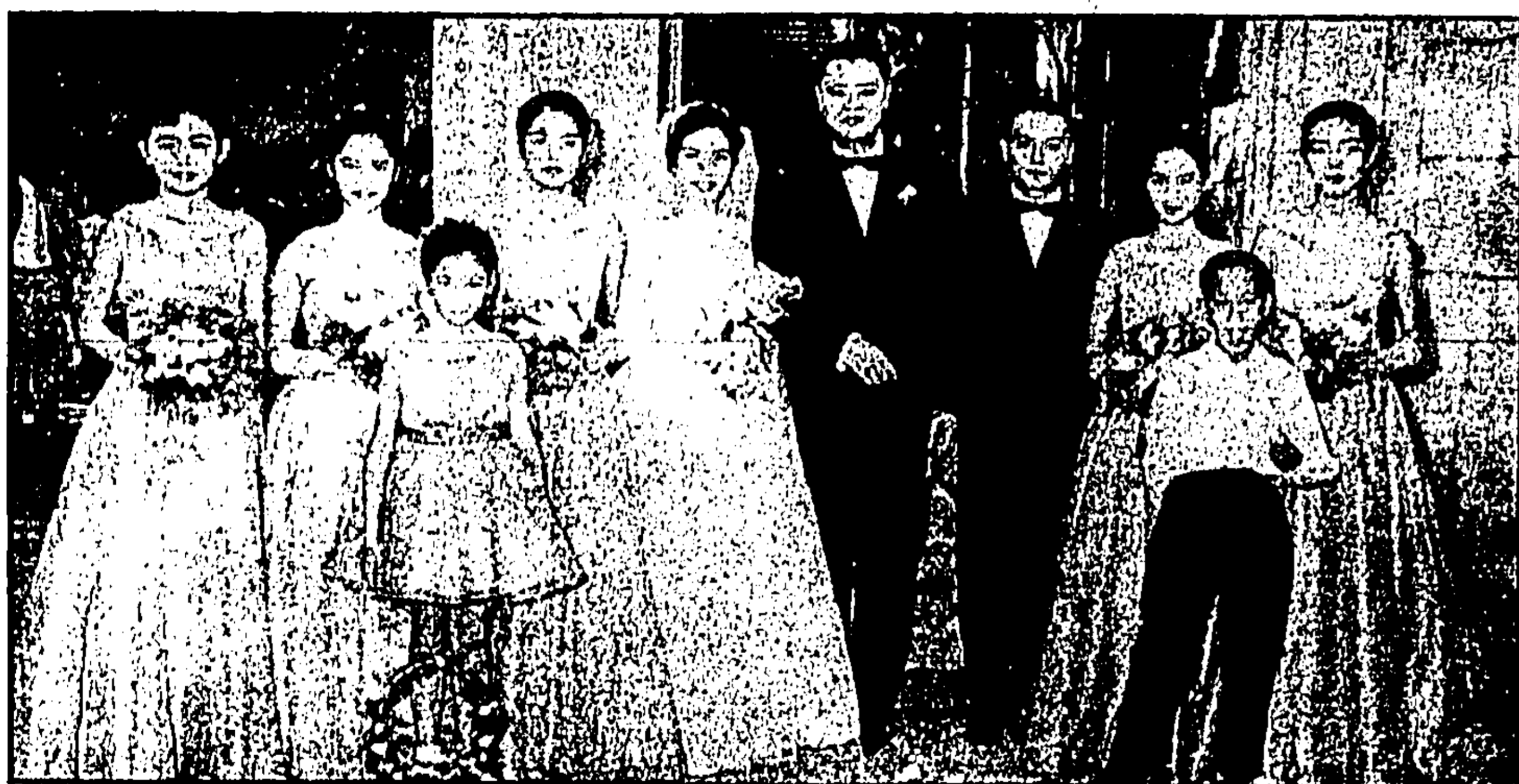


SCENE at the annual general meeting, held at the Helena May Institute on Thursday, of the Hongkong Council of Women. Addressing the gathering is Mrs R. T. Eng, who presided. (Staff Photographer)

MR R. A. Kidd, who has been Acting British Consul in Macao for several months, Mrs Kidd and their child leaving for Hongkong in the ss Fatshan en route to the United Kingdom. (Chung Kwong)



MR Robert C. Ayers, newly appointed Vice-President of American International Assurance Co., Ltd., and his family mor on their arrival at Kai Tak. Mr Ayers, third from left, will be stationed in Hongkong.



MR and Mrs Emile Hui Bon Hoa and their attendants make a charming group outside St Margaret's Church after their wedding. The bride is the former Miss Belinda Kit Hing Chan. (Ming Yuen)



MRS Kalpana Surtani, accomplished Indian classical dance expert, and her pupil, Kiki Rasmussen, who has just returned to school in England.



ENJOYING themselves at the St Joseph's Old Boys' Association dance held at the Craigflower Cricket Club last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

some people are born Lucky...



others shouldn't "PLAY WITH FIRE"!

don't take chances... fit a

**Pyrene**

FIRE EXTINGUISHER TO YOUR CAR

DAVID BORG & CO. LTD.



THE Director of Medical and Health Services, Dr the Hon. K. C. Yee, examining an item closely at the "Pharmacy Week" exhibition at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Pang Ping-yan distributing prizes at the conclusion of the first annual swimming gala sponsored by the Hong Kong Life Guard Club at the Chinese Swimming Pool. (Staff Photographer)

TIES of SUCH QUALITY in SUCH VARIETY

AS EVEN

**WE**

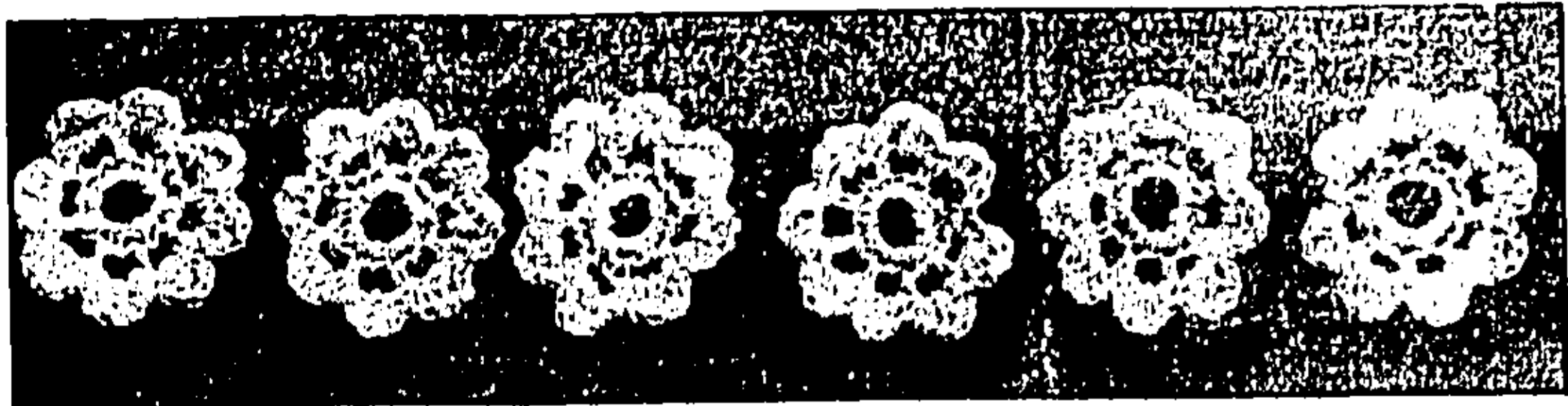
HAVE RARELY SHOWN BEFORE

HAND-BLOCK PRINTED FOULARDS, RICH SILKS FROM ENGLISH SQUARES AND WOOLLEN TAFFETAS

**MACKINTOSH'S**  
ALEXANDRA HOUSE  
DES VOEUX ROAD



# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



## FLOWER HAIRBAND

**MATERIALS:** Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 gm.), 1 ball selected colour. Piece of Velvet Ribbon 1/2 in. (1.3 cm.) wide. 1 press stud. Millwards steel crochet hook No. 3.

**TENSION:** Size of motif = 1 in. (2.5 cm.) in diameter.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** Ch—chain; ss—single stitch; dc—double crochet; hlf tr—half treble; tr—treble; sp—space.

**FLOWERS (MAKE 12)**

Commence with 8 ch, join, with a ss to form a ring.

**1st Row:** Into ring work 10 dc, 1 ss into first dc.

**2nd Row:** 1 dc into same place as last ss, 3 ch, miss 1 dc, 1 dc into next dc, repeat from \* ending with 3 ch, 1 ss into first dc.

**3rd Row:** Into each loop work 1 dc, 1 hlf tr, 2 tr, 1 hlf tr and 1 dc, 1 ss into first dc.

**Fasten off.**

Space flowers evenly on velvet ribbon (see illustration). Sew on press stud.

## Housekeeping For Pets Guards Family Health

By Eleanor Ross

THERE'S nothing like a pet in the home for fun, for teaching youngsters a sense of responsibility, for the kind of companionship and loyalty that an animal can give.

Some parents do feel a little guilty about adding a pet to the household, especially when there are small children still too young to help to care for it. Also, some feel that animals make the house unsanitary.

However, the Secretary of the Council on Scientific Assembly of the American Medical Association, Doctor Thomas G. Hull, has re-

assuring words on the subject.

Doctor Hull points out that if a few simple rules of hygiene are observed the family's health will be protected. So, too, will the animal's health, for it seems that human beings can transmit disease to their pets.

Doctor Hull recommends having your pet's health checked by a veterinarian, of course. But the daily rules simply consist of cleanliness.

Your pet's sleeping quarters should be clean and should be constantly polished to be kept free of vermin or parasites. Wash any pillow or mattress used by puppy or kitty and keep it as clean and fragrant as you would any other mattress in your household.

Keep feeding and water bowls clean, washing them with hot soap and detergent rinses. Wash food bowls after every feeding. Don't leave them around unwashed until the next feeding time.

Try not to let the baby get its face licked by an over-affectionate pet. But if it does, promptly wash the child's face with warm soap suds.

It's a sound principle, too, to have all members of the family who do play with or handle the pet, wash their hands with warm water and soap before coming to meals. Of course, hand-washing before meals ought to be a fixed household rule anyway.

A well-illuminated aquarium, bright with beautiful fish, is an ornamental addition to any interior. To keep the fish healthy and the aquarium looking lovely, immediately clean water is essential.

According to the latest rules of fish care, the aquarium sand should be washed the detergent way. This method was worked out by Dr. F. E. Ebel, a zoologist at Southern Illinois University.

The recipe is simple and speedy. The ingredients are 1/3 c. powdered or 2-tablespoons of liquid detergent, a small amount of water and sand for a 50 gallon aquarium. Mix them into a thick slurry and pour it into the aquarium. Stir it up, and all the dirt and debris will be carried to the bottom.

## Knit While You Relax

### V-NECKED SWEATER

**MATERIALS:** 12 (13) (14) ozs. Erbu Scotch Double Knitting, 1 pair each size 7 and 9 needles, 3 buttons, 1 snap fastener, 3/4 yard 1 inch wide elastic.

**MEASUREMENTS:** Bust: 34 36 38 Length: 18 19 20 Sleeve: 17 17 1/2 17 1/2 TENSION: 5 sts. and 7 1/2 rows to 1 square inch.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** K., knit; p., purl; st(s), stitch(es); tog., together.

**NOTE:** These instructions are written in three sizes, stitches and measurements for the smallest size being given in the ordinary way, the larger sizes being bracketed in the following spaces.

**BACK**

Using two No. 7 needles cast on 60 (70) (70) sts. and work in stocking st. (1 row k, 1 row p) for 2 inches ending with a p row. Do not work into the backs of the sts. for the 1st row.

Using a spare needle pick up 60 (70) (70) sts. along cast on edge. With spare needle at back and needle points together k 1 st. from each needle together all along the row. Next row: p 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 86 (90) (90) sts. on the needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 8 3/4 (7) (7 1/4) inches from lower edge, then increase 1 st. at each end of next and 2 following alternate rows, 92 (96) (102) sts. Work 1 row.

**Shape Raglan Armhole:** Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of next 3 (3) (5) rows, then at each end of every alternate row until 22 (24) (26) sts. remain. Leave these sts. on a st. holder.

**RIGHT FRONT**

Using two No. 7 needles cast on 41 (43) (46) sts. 1st row: (k 1, p 1) rib k to end of row. 2nd row: p to last 12 sts. rib 12. Repeat these 2 rows for 2 inches, then make a hem in same manner as Back. Work 1 row. Next row: Make a buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4, k to end of row increasing 1 in last st. Next row: Cast on 4 sts. over 4 sts. cast off in previous row. Making 2 more buttonholes at intervals of 3 (3 3/4) (3 3/4) inches keep ribbed border at centre front and increase 1 st. at side edge in every 4th row until there are 51 (53) (56) sts. Continue straight until work measures 8 3/4 (7) (7 1/4) inches ending

with a p. row. Then increase 1 st. at side edge on next and two following alternate rows. Work 2 rows.

**Shape Raglan:** Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next row to commence at armhole edge then decrease 1 st. at armhole edge in next 3 (3) (5) rows. Continue decreasing 1 st. at armhole edge every alternate row and work 2 extra sts. into ribbed border every following 14th row until 18 (18) (20) sts. are being worked in rib. Continue decreasing at armhole edge every alternate row until 18 (18) (20) sts. remain. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

**LEFT FRONT**

Work to match right front omitting buttonholes and reading p for k and k for p throughout. (Thus the ribbed border in the 1st row will commence with p 1).

**SLEEVES**

Using No. 9 needles cast on 40 (42) (46) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 2 1/2 inches. Change to No. 7 needles and stocking st. increasing 1 st. at each end of 6th and every following 6th row until there are 68 (70) (74) sts. on the needle. Continue straight until work measures 10 1/2 inches from beginning. Increase 1 st. at each end of next and 2 following alternate rows. Work 1 row.

**Shape Raglan Top:** Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Then decrease 1 st. at each end of next 3 (3) (5) rows. Then at each end of every alternate row until 4 sts. remain. Leave these sts. on a safety pin.

**COLLAR**

Using a back st. sew up raglan seams. Using No. 7 needles and with right side of work facing, work in rib across the 18 (18) (20) sts. of right front left on spare needle, continue in rib across the 4 sts. at top of right sleeve, the 22 (24) (26) sts. of Back, working twice into the last st. the 4 sts. of left sleeve and 18 (18) (20) sts. of left front. Continue on these 67 (71) (75) sts. for 3 inches. Cast off in rib.

**TO MAKE UP**

Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth avoiding ribbing. Using a back st. sew up side and sleeve seams. Insert a 26 inch length of elastic in hem at waist. Neaten buttonholes and sew on buttons to match. Sew on snap fasteners at waist.



## SOMETHING NEW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS

### Chicken Salad Rolls And Dessert Beverage

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"T'N one of New York's most popular tea rooms, egg salad stuffed rolls, with a green salad and dessert-beverage are popular luncheons," I remarked.

"Especially with the ladies," chuckled the Chef. "And I propose to repair to the kitchen and create a new form of stuffed salad roll and a new dessert-beverage, which I shall dedicate to the ladies."

Half an hour later, I was invited to taste-test and ended by eating lunch!

**Stuffed Chicken - Pineapple Relish Rolls:** Combine 1 1/2 c. diced cooked chicken, 1 (9 oz.) tin crushed pineapple, drained, 1/4 c. drained sweet pickle relish, 2 tbs. chopped pimiento, 1/4 c. mayonnaise and 1/2 tsp. salt. Scoop out 8 frankfurter rolls. Fill with the mixture.

**Chocolate Marshmallow Milk Dessert-Beverage:** Add 1/2 c. marshmallow cream to 2 c. chocolate milk. Heat until dissolved.

Beat in 2 additional cups chocolate milk and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Refrigerate until very cold.

Pour into glasses. Top each with 1 tsp. marshmallow cream. Dust with grated semi-sweet chocolate.

**DINNER**

**Vichyssoise Garlic Bread**

**Beef-Sausage Loaf**

**Baked Whole Tomatoes**

**Green-Peppered Celeriac**

**Crisp-Cross Plum Pie**

**Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea or Milk**

**All Measurement Are Level**



FOR AN EASY, BUFFET luncheon, serve chicken-pineapple relish rolls, vegetable salad and a delicious new dessert beverage.

chopped beef and 1/2 lb. sausage salt and pepper. Place around the beef-sausage loaf 20 min. after starting it to bake. Turn once.

**Baked Whole Tomatoes:** Scald 1 c. fine crushed bread crumbs with boiling water. Remove at once and plunge them into cold water. Remove the skins.

Place in muffin pans each containing 1 tsp. water. Dust with salt, pepper and a trace of sugar. Top with 1/2 tsp. butter or margarine. Bake 20 min. in a moderate oven, 350° F. or until fork-tender.

**TRICK OF THE CHEF**

Add a little minced basil to tomatoes when baking or stewing.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By HILLARY WENTWORTH

1. The flavour of tea can be greatly improved by thoroughly drying the peel from an orange or lemon, and placing this peel in the tea container.

2. Serviceable dish towels can be made of cotton crepe cut into one-yard lengths. They require no hemming, nor is it necessary to iron them.

3. A flannel cloth dipped in milk and rubbed on a pure soap will clean gloves and avoid the unpleasant odour of benzine.

4. If olive oil is to be taken internally add a pinch of salt to it and it will prove much more palatable.

5. When the door sticks at the top, rub over the swollen portion with a little yellow soap and the annoyance will stop.

6. Try using orange juice instead of lemon juice for flavouring salmon. It gives a delicious flavour.

7. Before cooking rice, grease the pan with butter, or put a piece of butter on the rice and it will not stick.

8. You must take a certain amount of care over the storing of silks, furs and brocades. Wrap while

dressers carefully in dark blue tissue paper to prevent yellowing. Coloured materials and gold and silver embroidered fabrics should be wrapped in black tissue paper. Pack them into large cardboard boxes and seal them with gummed paper.

9. Knots, whether in string or cord, may be loosened in this way: slip some hard article under the knot and then hammer the latter. As a rule it is then easy to untie, but if it still proves refractory, moisten with water, give it a good hammering, and it should then be quite loose.

10. A bruise can be treated effectively by brown paper soaked in vinegar, the paper to be kept well damp.

11. After washing curtains, from them when evenly damp. Do not leave them about and rolled up, as this is a sure way of getting mildew stains, especially in warm weather.

12. Wash paintwork (first wet all over) from the bottom upwards, then dust off at the top. In this way, dirty trickles will not cause stains.

## How Much Sleep Do Children Need?

"HOW am I going to get my child to take a nap?" writes a distracted mother. "He simply refuses."

You can't because he probably no longer requires a nap, and there is no reason why he should sleep when he does not need to. Children's sleeping requirements, not adult convenience, should determine children's naps.

The Joint Committee on Health Problems in Education, of the National Education Association and the American Medical Association, has made a study of the sleep requirements of children. Each child, of course, differs from all others in his particular needs, and no child should be forced to conform to an average.

In general, however, the sleep requirements of groups of children may serve parents as a broad guide, and save them from building their heads needlessly against the stone wall of Junior's resistance.

The average sleep requirements are: at five years, 11 to 13 hours daily; at 10 years, 10 to 12 hours; at 15 years, 9 to 11 hours; at 20 years, eight to nine hours. Naps are seldom a question at 10 years, but bedtime hours may become an issue.

**LATE HOURS**

In adolescence, the late hours which distress parents are often detested by the young people on the ground that they don't need more sleep than they get. Usually they do. The pre-school or early elementary years, however, are often rendered unparentally insistent on sleep, which really is NOT needed.

Children may resist going to bed, even when they feel the need of sleep, if parents have made the mistake of using going to bed as a punishment. Going to bed should be associated in a child's mind with pleasant thoughts—a time for play or confidences with Mother, or Daddy's time to stretch luxuriously in downy comfort and get over being tired, a safe and good place to be at the right

time. When children resist going to bed, this does not constitute a sleep problem so much as a general disciplinary dilemma. They may be trying to attract attention, or to continue playing. A calm, firm insistence that bedtime is bedtime will solve this problem, eventually if not always easily.

Children may have difficulty in getting a last-ditch nap. Overstimulation or excessive fatigue may cause wakefulness, and so may too much sleep. Hunger may prevent sleep, so may discomfort from too much food. Poor sleeping conditions—noise, warmth, draughts, light—may interfere with getting to sleep.

**SLEEPING CONDITIONS**

The child who is expected to sleep has a right to as much concern over his sleeping conditions as would be given to an adult. Too often one hears the remark that a sagging or lumpy bed doesn't matter—"children can sleep anywhere." That isn't so.

A healthy child, not overstimulated, hungry, or in pain, or in "the doghouse," will sleep under proper conditions. Many such a child willingly goes to bed when the right time comes. But a child who volunteers to go to bed may be doing so to escape the problem of facing life; if this happens often, it is worth while studying such a child, unobtrusively, to be sure that he is not reverting to infancy by retreating to his bed.

## Keep The Medicine Chest Always Ready

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

ACCIDENTS and illness occur in every home. Are you prepared to aid a stricken member of your family even if he's suffered only a minor scratch or cut?

Unfortunately, many homes don't have the proper equipment to furnish adequate first aid.

You owe it to your family to be prepared. Your medicine cabinet and first aid kit should contain the following articles:

At least a dozen 3-inch compresses or adhesive in individual packages. The same number of sterile gauze squares in individual packages.

Additional sterile bandage compresses of assorted sizes, all in individual packages. A roll of one-half inch adhesive tape.

Burn ointment.

Calamine lotion, ocreon ointment, and some bicarbonate of soda.

If you buy spirits of ammonia in a bottle, be sure it has a rubber stopper. Ordinary cork will soon rot.

Your home first aid equipment should also include a hot water bag and an ice bag. Allow either to dry thoroughly before putting it away after use. Rubber bags should be dusted with talcum powder before being stored.

You should have a 3-inch splinter forceps for removing splinters and the like and, of course, a pair of scissors.

Some 1 and 2-inch roller bandages might come in handy, as will an elastic tourniquet.

Although broken bones are only other serious injury, require immediate attention of a doctor, you might have need for some wire or thin board splints.

Caster oil or mineral oil for use in emergency treatment of the eye can be kept on hand in a small tube.

It won't do you much good to have all these things if they are scattered throughout the house. Keep them all together so you'll be able to find them when you need them.

**THE PRINCESS TO  
FILM TOUR WITH  
HER OWN CAMERA**

# ON HOLIDAY

By SHIRLEY LOWE

I AM about to go on a fortnight's holiday, and I never do any painting at home, but I do quite a bit on holiday."

# CHARACTER-CHANGE ON HOLIDAY

**By SHIRLEY LOWE**

of conversations ending about  
in hotel lodges and smoking  
the cigarette. The last  
one was a woman who had been  
with me at the time I was  
in the hospital.

going up and down the Thames.  
I find myself going to the  
part of above wouldn't dream  
of going to the ordinary way  
back to the river.

Place, Kensington. It will hang  
in the drawing-room.  
(COPYRIGHT)

---

## ER-CHANGE



## ROCK 'N' ROLL

*World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian*

**the impact of this man on the Suez dispute?**

## TROUBLE SHOOTER



# THE MAN WHO LOVES TO TALK . . . . . by Les Armour

**by Les Armour**

Mr. ROBERT C. HARRIS - Chairman

GOOD DRINKS COME  
FROM ALL SORTS  
OF BOTTLES BUT  
THE FINEST GIN  
COMES FROM THE  
SQUARE FACED  
BOTTLE  
LABELLED  
Gordon's

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

**Gordon's**  
*Stand's  
Supreme*

IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

Sole Distributors: DODD, WILLIAMS & COMPANY LIMITED

# GREAT NEW FLAVOR



# Philip Morris

**The ideal Gift for friends —**

# CHINESE CREEDS AND CUSTOMS VOLUME II

VOLUME 1



by  
**V. K. BURKHARDT**  
Illustrated by the Author  
**Five Color Plates**  
**SECOND IMPRESSION**  
**\$18.00**

**SECRET**

POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"But can't you see, dear lady, that we must at all costs stay in Cyprus in order to retain our firm hold on the Canal!"

## Mr Crombie Cashes In On Rock 'n' Roll

TWO elderly women stared fearfully across the staid restaurant as with fork and spoon Tony Crombie executed a drum break around the table. Rattling on chair rail, mustard pot and glasses, he ended with a mellow clang on the wine bottle and exulted: "Never seen business like this. They're all gone crazy."

The business is that hot commodity rock 'n' roll. The crazy customers referred to

• There's no money in highbrow jazz says the drummer who has formed Britain's first "Rock" band. "This is what they want, and from now on it's the law of supply and demand for me."

By KENNETH ALLSOP

are the citizens of Portsmouth, where Bernard Delfont's rock 'n' roll show has started its blitzkrieg on a long list of defenceless British cities.

Crombie himself. His career has suddenly gone explosively commercial. For years he has been deep in the Arctic ice-wastes of cool jazz, almost cut off from the outer world.

Shortly before I had been sitting in the Theatre Royal, while from the stage Tony Crombie and the Rockets blasted the plaster from the walls with such currently popular serenades as "Rock Around The Clock, R-O-C-K Rock," and "Let's You and I Rock." Due, no doubt, to an oversight, "Rock of Ages" had been omitted.

To give the audience the approved cash treatment these were performed by a tenor saxophone honking like a frenzied taxi, a pianist (standing up), a vocalist (tottering), a bass player (thrashing his instrument round the stage), and Mr Crombie attempting to batter his drum set to a parchment pulp.

### ECSTASY

The audience responded with hoarse bays of ecstasy and ragged hand-beating. But no rioting.

In a confusion of apprehension and box-office euphoria, manager Sydney Webb pointed out the policeman on unobtrusive guard in the circle, and said to me: "No real trouble so far. But I wouldn't like to say what would happen if it went on a minute longer. They get worked up to a terrific pitch."

At an almost equal pitch of excitement is Tony

### NO MORE CULTS

Still vibrating slightly as he ate dinner, he told me: "I've had enough of cults, of people who get all white-faced about jazz, of those pop clubs where it's 'square' to show enthusiasm — you throw everything you've got at them, and they just stare at you deadpan. If you're out of touch with the public you wither and die. An audience is the soil a musician grows in. Now we've got audiences to play to."

For this East-End, who looks like an elongated George Raft, success dreams are coming true. He was born in Potticott Lane in 1925. His parents were poor — "no money at all." But there were a few records and a gramophone around the house, for his mother had been a silent-era cinema pianist and liked jazz. Crombie's cradle lullabies were early Armstrong and Ellington.

At 12 he built himself his drum set from biscuit tins, jam jars, sardican lids and a chair seat for bass drum. At 14 he was a £2 10s a week warehouse boy — then he got his first band job in a Soho drinking club at 16. After that he moved steadily west into the Mayfair night spots, then in the late 40's back to the Leicester Square area and into the developing world of British modern jazz, concert round Club 11.

The music was complicated as calculus. Two receipts were simple addition, being in tiny units of copper and silver. As he staked himself up with curry for his second rock 'n' roll romp of the evening, Crombie spoke his valediction upon that period of experimentation and hard-up idealism: "I had a wonderful modern band — and it lost thousands. Now, for me, it's the law of supply and demand."

"With this rock 'n' roll stuff I'm getting applause. And I love it. I'm getting money at last — the heads drawing £400 a week — and I'm loving that too. What am I aiming at? Money. And applause."

First record issue of the Crombie Rockets: "We're Gonna Teach You to Rock" and "Short 'n' Bred Rock" from Columbia, October 1.

### THESE I LIKED

I LIKE these new records... The Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida (an ex-Kenton soloist) and a Bob Shank group in a graceful, gliding marriage of Latin rhythms and American jazz (Vogue). Further experiments: Britain's Victor Feldman with Kenny Graham's Afro-Cubists in a piquant cocktail of fresh idioms and techniques (Esquire).

And a luxuriant crop of vocals that honk-tonk hussy the late Ma Rainey yelling "Dead Drunk Blues" and other 30-year-old laments (London). George Melly showing that a Briton can sing the blues in "Oogie Boogie" and others with the Mike Mulligan band (Decca). And in a sad, hobnobbing, "Waiting For A Train" (Decca).

Shank really swinging in four songs including "Love Me" and "Only A Paper Moon" (Philips). A revived Dick Haymes reviving "Love Walked In" (Capitol)... and two coloured girls of star stature: Carmen McRae plainly blurring "Never Loved Him Anyhow" (Brunswick) and some ferocious trilling by Dinah Washington in "Love For Sale" and other tracks (Emarcy).

(COPYRIGHT)

## BOOKS • BOOKS • BOOKS • BOOKS •

## ODD TO FIND MR MAUGHAM IN THE BLACK MAGIC SET

By ROBERT PITMAN

IN a Paris cafe the man with the cold eyes and the big white face sat boasting about his all-round form as a sinner, about the monstrous Black Magic rites in which he indulged.

And near by a spruce young man from London looked on, revolted.

It was the beginning to a remarkable story. The story of Willie and the Beast.

Willie was Mr W. Somerset Maugham. But not the wise and wrinkled Maugham we know today. The Willie of this story is the dapper young dandy of Edwardian hostesses, a Willie Maugham whose cheeks were pink and smooth, whose upper lip was fringed with roguish whiskers.

And the Beast? Well, he was the only genuine, self-styled Beast that Britain has ever produced. He was the late Aleister Crowley, the gross Satan-worshipper who claimed to be the Great Beast mentioned in Revelations; who forced his disciples to drink blood; who introduced to a woman, would bestow on her a "serpent kiss" with teeth specially filed for the purpose.

### UNLIKELY

Dapper Willie and the Beast — how could this unlikely pair ever come together? Mr Maugham himself explains in a splendid new preface to "THE MAGICIAN," a novel he first wrote nearly 50 years ago. (Heinemann: revised edition—16s.).

He now tells how in 1907 young Willie Maugham suddenly fired off all those hostesses. He tired of being a poorly-paid minor lion. He tired of having his "well-worn" pyjamas and modest toilet articles sneered at by "footmen" at fashionable week-ends.

So he packed the pyjamas and toilet articles, got rid of his flat near Victoria Station (to "a middle-aged gentleman who wished to install his mistress in it"), and set off for Paris.

In Paris he contacted a young painter named Gerald Kelly. Together they ate at a restaurant called the White Cat. There



they met Arnold Bennett. And there they met Aleister Crowley. Crowley was still young. But he was already quite a bit of a Beast. Young Willie took an instant dislike to him.

### FASCINATED

But he was fascinated too. When he returned to London he instantly wrote "The Magician," its chief character, the evil corrupter Oliver Huddo (based on the evil corrupter Crowley). But its chief theme, how, by magic, Oliver corrupts pure and lovely Margaret, an art-student.

It is not what we would expect from Mr Maugham. The book pulses with rich melodrama. It hisses with hints of sin.

## How to Get Ahead Making Royal Hats

By Nancy Spain

DON'T tell anyone, but I W.R.N.S. "on parade" this am one of those sad wretches who cannot wear a hat. It actually hurts me.

My hair grows so fast that hats leap from my head, and when I was in the

But I need not have worried. Mr Tharup, who makes the Queen's, the Queen Mother's, and Princess Margaret's hats (and nevertheless managed to go bankrupt, which I must say is talented), has produced a wonderfully entertaining collection of the facts of his life.

He was born in Copenhagen, he crumpled his leg playing school football, he got into a shop in London; did not really start manufacturing hats until 1929, in Bombay.

He opened London premises in 1932, when the Duchess of Windsor (Mrs Simpson in those days), Mrs Claude Belding, and Nellie Wallace all bought hats. Nellie Wallace had to roll her in the gutter to make it "just so." Then the Duchess of York (now the Queen Mother) called on Mr Tharup, and he was "made." So—

• Marlene Dietrich ordered a Bedouin's head-dress, a hat with a black crown and a square peak with miniature Buddha's hands, and two mink hats.

• Elisabeth Bergner ordered a pixie-ish hat in forest green and a "comely high-pointed wimple in white and silver lame."

### IN THE WAR

Never got a loss, Mr T trimmed hats with real vegetables, safety-pins, and (in wartime) red tape. In the war too he rode a bicycle, until an order was passed: "No bicycles for aliens." So he sold himself his bicycle and then, as a director of his firm was allowed to ride.

Mr T's sheet anchor has always been his royal clients. He fitted the Queen's military tiarings for the Avrocar, the Colours "In front of the study fireplace stood a large, life-sized stuffed hare, bridled and saddled. Princess Elizabeth mounted. The King said it was not at all what he had expected."

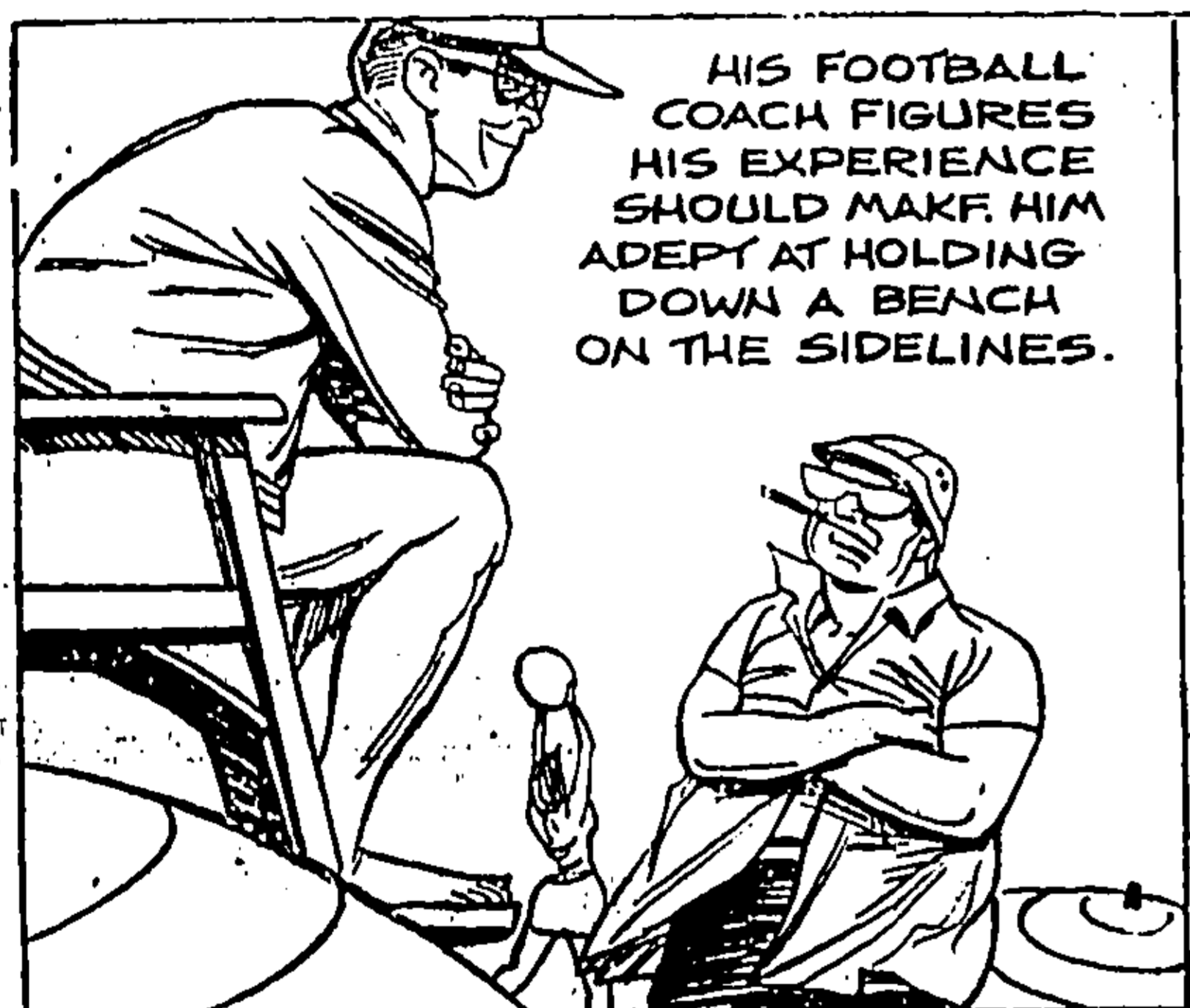
He made all the Queen's hats for her Australian tour. One day the Queen suddenly asked for more winter hats. Mr T put through a rush order, and to be dispatched (made it) in the name of "Miss Donald." Afterward as the royal carriage passed the work-girls were disgusted that Miss Donald had copied the Queen's line of the "hat," Miss Donald said: "Once the Queen Mother was so delighted with her hat that she gave Mr T the highest of all honours: the Queen Mother's hat."

After the Queen Mother was so delighted with her hat that she gave Mr T the highest of all honours: the Queen Mother's hat.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Lifeguard

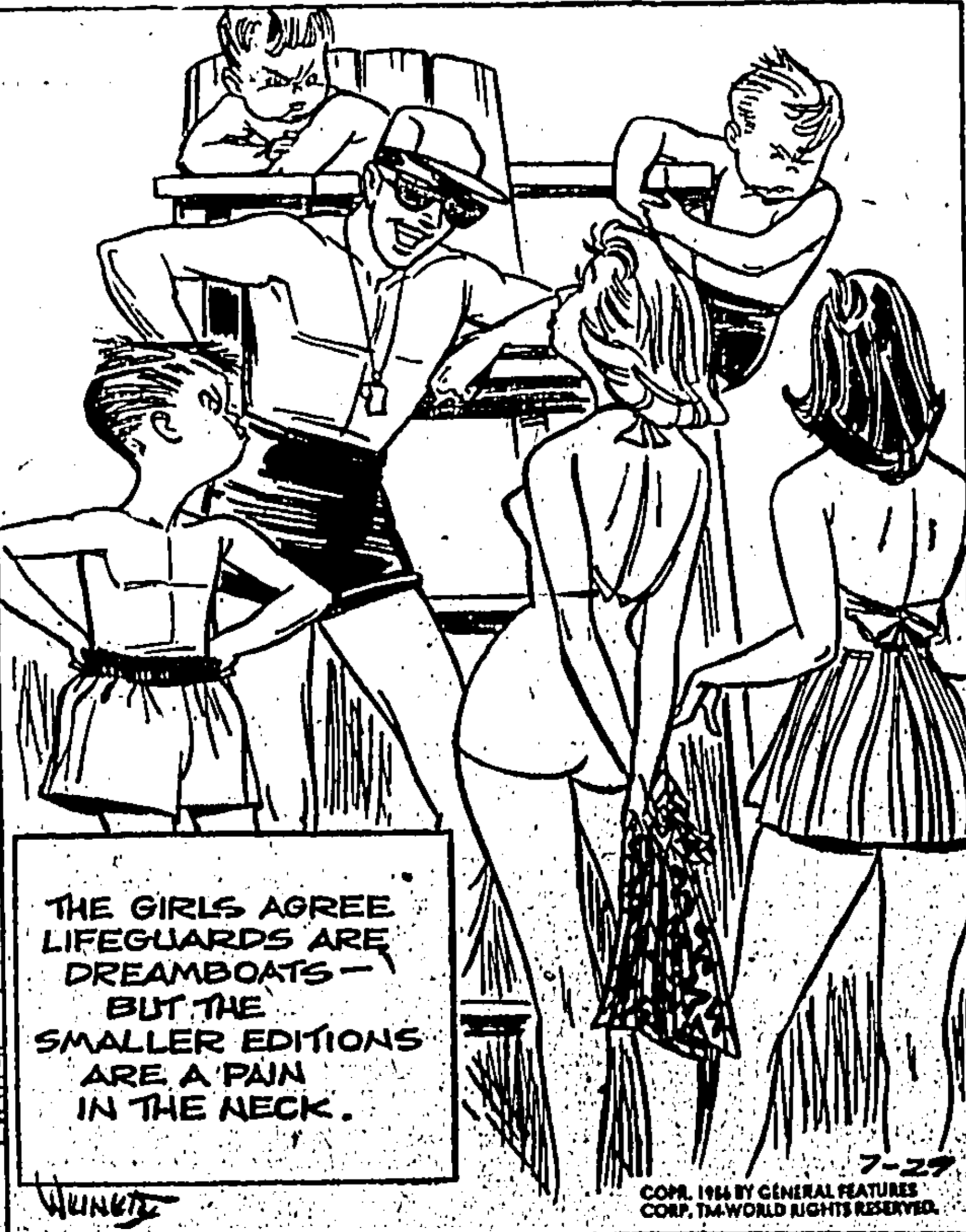
BY HARRY WEINERT



HIS FOOTBALL COACH FIGURES HIS EXPERIENCE SHOULD MAKE HIM ADEPT AT HOLDING DOWN A BENCH ON THE SIDELINES.



THE TIMID BATHER WHO ADMITS THE LIFEGUARD LOOKS OKAY, BUT CAN HE SWIM?



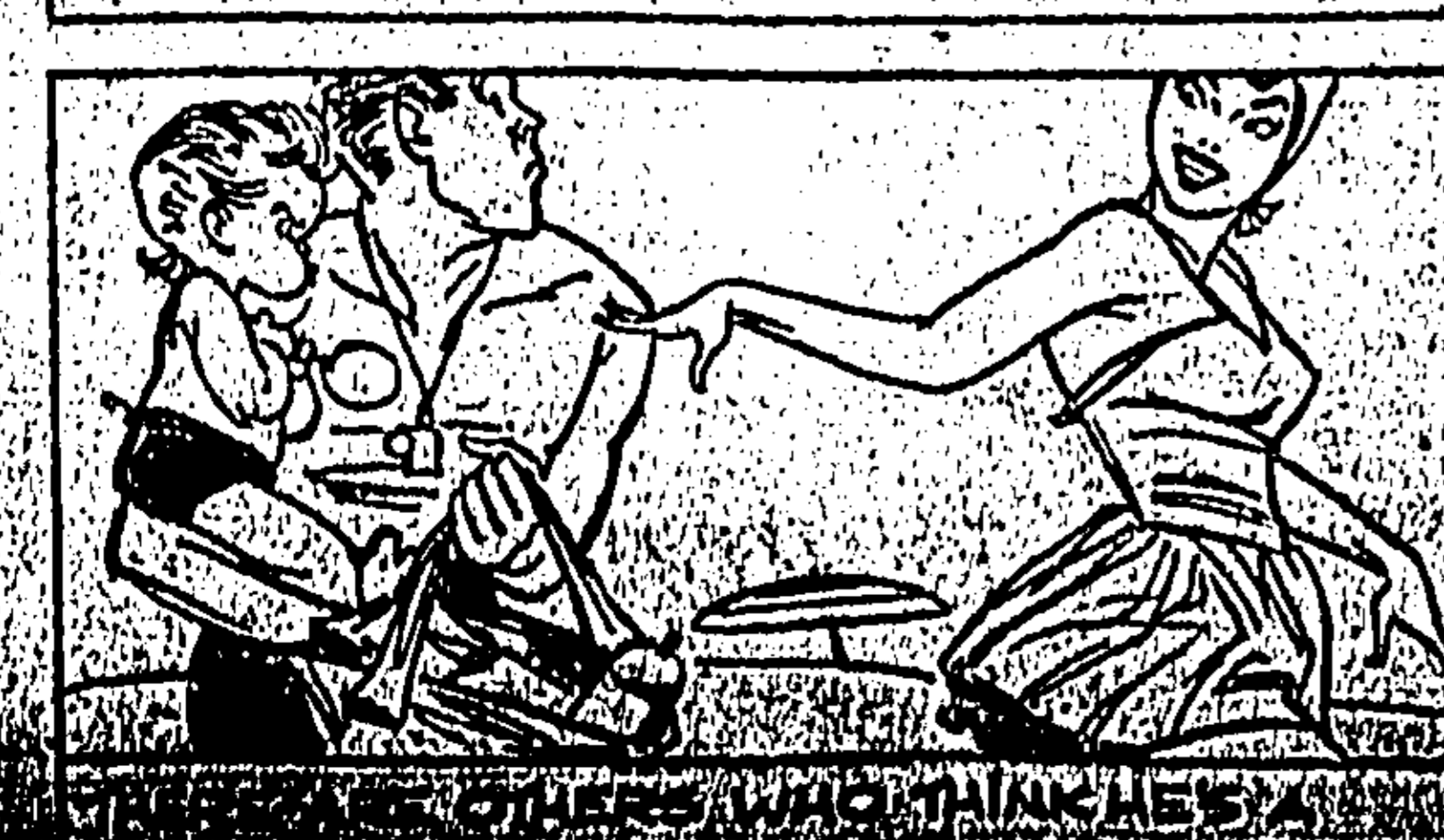
THE GIRLS AGREE LIFEGUARDS ARE DREAMBOATS — BUT THE SMALLER EDITIONS ARE A PAIN IN THE NECK.



NO ONE WILL EVER CONVINCE HIS EX-SCHOOL TEACHER THAT HE'S THE SAME SKINNY MOPPET SHE TAUGHT IN THE SIXTH GRADE.



HE'S TAKING NO CHANCES.



ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

100-443887-100

\_\_\_\_\_



## PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF GOOD GAMES FOR RUGGER FANS TODAY

By "PAK LO"

For the first Saturday of the season there is a plentiful supply of games on both sides of the harbour, spread over practically all the main grounds with the exception of the Club ground.

There are two games on the Kowloon side on the Army ground in Boundary Street, between 27 Brigade, and HK & K Garrison (Island) starting at 4.15 p.m. and on the Police ground in Boundary Street the Police are at home to the HK & K Garrison (Mainland) at 6.00 p.m.

All the games on the Hong Kong side kick off at the identical time of 5.00 p.m., so that the Kowloon side offers the chance to see two complete games, while it will be impossible to see more than one full match in Hongkong.

The other games are, Club "A" v. 27 Brigade on Ho Yee Vei, Club "B" v. IAF Island at Sze Kung, and Navy v. RAF Mainland on the Navy ground at Causeway Bay.

Probably the most interesting game will be the Police and Garrison Mainland encounter, for the Police are at full strength, and have had a much needed influx of new blood, and though they are being extremely coy about it, there is no doubt that the Police are highly optimistic of their chances this season.

They have Johnston once again at the helm, and faced at scrum half, so that the back division should go well, though their forwards are still a little ragged yet. They managed to rack up a 30-0 score against the other night. IAF is not a very strong side but such a large score seems to promise a better chance for the Police. Mainland also have a good team, and the Police should have a hard fight to win.

### TRIAL MATCH

Having seen Garrison Island in action against the Club in a trial match the other week, I was not greatly impressed by them. Their forwards are fairly fast but lack cohesion at present, and from reports received of the ability of 27 Brigade the latter must go in with the odds slightly in their favour.

On the Hongkong side I would select the Club "A" and

### SPORTING SAN

By Reg. Wootton



### JIMMY CARTER SAYS....

## New Blood Is Absolutely Necessary To Infuse Life Into Third Division Clubs

By ARCHIE QUICK

The Third Division clubs are to renew the fight for an alteration in the constitution of the two Sections. Or, at least, the Southern Section are going to. Chairman of Reading FC and Chairman of the Section, Mr Jimmy Carter told me that with three exceptions the Southern clubs are in favour of four Sections.

They would each comprise fifteen clubs, making a total of sixty against the present 48. That would allow the admission of twelve new clubs, and Mr Carter said he was of the opinion that this new blood was absolutely necessary to infuse life into the Sections.

"We were let down last summer by the Northern Section clubs," he said. "They had a last minute change of heart and we were staggered. Even the Football League Management Committee wanted a change. This time has come when clubs like Peterborough, Wigan, Bolton, Kings, Lynn, Huddersfield, Hastings, Kidderminster etc. should be admitted to League status. The present Third Division clubs' spectators are heartily sick of seeing the same old clubs year after year. Change and novelty are required if we are to survive."

One club which is thriving—except on the playing pitch—is Southend United. Their Supporters' Club, without being given any representation on the club's Board, are raising an average of £350 a week for the parent body during the winter months. They hold whist drives, dances, sell the programmes and rubber cushions, run sweepstakes etc. but when they applied recently for their Chairman to be elected to the United's Directorship they were refused.

### A GREAT BLOW

Ten matches went by before United registered their first win, and when it came it was against Reading. Eight of the eleven players who started the season in the first team were sitting in the grandstand. The departure after so many years as manager of Mr Harry Warren to Coventry City was a great blow to the club, and I understand that Mr Warren is negotiating for two of his old players to follow him to the Midlands.

One sad story I heard at Southend was of the club's old centre-forward Cyril Grant. The former Arsenal and Cardiff City player was not retained at the end of the season. One of his children has gone blind and the other is seriously ill, while Cyril himself has had to turn to brick-laying. He told me his domestic worries were too great for him to be able to concentrate on football and find himself another club.

More goals, bigger crowds. The Dismal Jimmy who have been crying out about the "lost" million spectators from League football have had their answer so far this season. Attendances have risen upon last season, and

the reason can be chiefly attributed to the policy of the majority of the clubs of all-out attack for more goals even if it does mean sacrificing something in the process.

In town the other day was the League's now longest-serving Secretary-Manager, Mr Eric Taylor, of Sheffield Wednesday. Gates at Hillsborough this season have averaged 34,500 compared with last season's 26,000. True, Wednesday are in the First Division this season, but last campaign they were fighting a successful promotion battle. Mr Taylor told me he was certain the public would rather see a 5-4 score even against their own side than a goalless draw. "It is a fact that matter in entertainment value," he said.

Comparing this season again with last, 301 First and Second Division games have, at the time of writing, produced 582 goals whereas last season the first 300 matches produced only 512. Third Division scoring has also risen.

Soccer is gradually returning to the simple orthodox methods that built up its original popularity. There is greater hope still for the future, for most of the younger players who are forcing their way to the front are not tied by the hide-bound rules of

defence which have predominated these last ten years or so.

### CASE IN POINT

Mr Taylor pointed out that his "inside-forward," Albert Quixall, was a case in point. For years he played as a defensive fourth half back spraying out long passes to his other forwards. Now he has changed all that. Albert gets up in attack and goals in plenty have been his reward, as well as a regaining of his place in England's representative eleven. Mr Taylor said: "Suddenly Albert realised that the defensive role he was adopting was already occupied in the national side by Johnny Haynes, of Fulham, and that there was no place for a second player of that style in England's attack. He switched, and both the player and the club have benefited by the change."

Talking of England's representative teams, did you notice that the Army's goalkeeper, Alan Hodgkinson, of Sheffield United, gained a place in the "Under 23" side to play Denmark in Copenhagen? That was only in the natural sequence of things. Army goalkeepers always get this honour. Remember Simpson, Merrick, King, Anderson, Jones, Fraser, Martin, Younger?

## Terry O'Connor, On The Olympic Way, Says This Is: Not A Sign Of The Times

I was watching Chris Chatway and Gordon Pirie training when the American sprinter Dave Sime ambled over, cowboy fashion, to the centre of the track.

"Go, these boys really give themselves a workout," said Sime, who is currently one of the fastest humans on earth. When an athlete like Sime—he broke or equalled five world records in as many weeks—takes like this it must mean something.

As if excusing the strenuous efforts of our two top box-office athletes I pointed out that the English climate was helpful to middle and long distance running. I hoped he appreciated the warmer climate of his own country was conducive to world-class sprinting.

### INTERESTING STUDY

Sime is an interesting study for this column which normally deals with athletes who are competing in Melbourne. He would almost certainly have qualified for the Olympic Games if a leg injury had not pulled him up ten yards out in the American final trials.

He had been injured two weeks previously and commented: "I knew only a miracle would let me run a 100 Metres."

It now seems that Sime will never compete in the Olympic Games. In two years time he plans to become a professional baseball player.

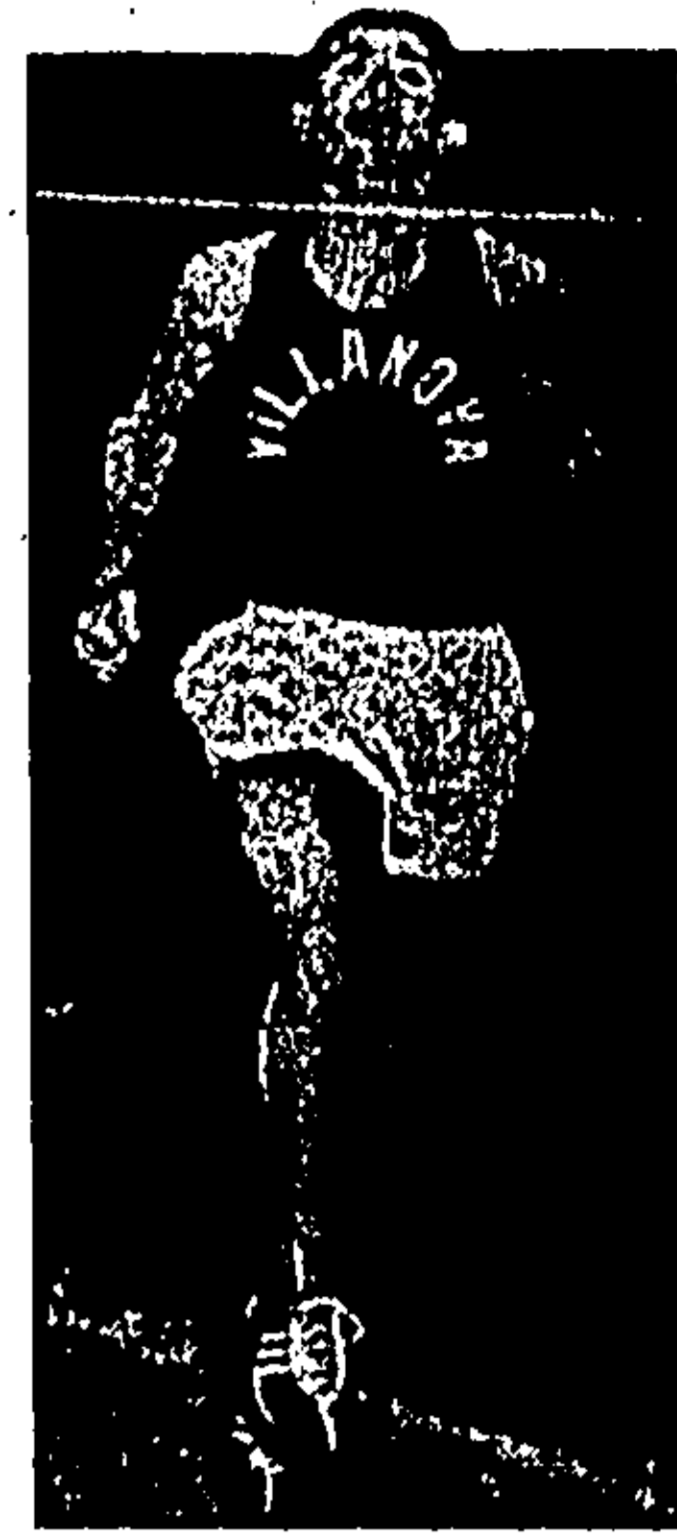
I asked him whether he would have had the same ambition if he had made the American Olympic team. Naturally I was thinking of the new Olympic rule which asks an athlete to swear he has no intention of turning professional.

### A CRAZY RULING

"That is a crazy ruling and I don't think any American athletes will sign," Sime told me.

I think this is the right attitude and should be the policy of our own British Olympic Association. Instead, our athletes are being told to sign but at the same time are informed that it means nothing.

I am certain that such a ruling was never in the mind of



Ronnie Delaney, four-minute miler, is one of Ireland's Olympic hopes involved in the usual squabble between their associations.

Baron de Coubertin, the founder of the modern Olympics. Even his famous phrase: the important thing is to compete has little link with modern reality.

Olympic football champions Hungary have decided to withdraw because they fear defeat. Now I hear the other finalists at Helsinki, Yugoslavia, might not take part. Yet the British team, chosen from England, will still make their £12,000 trip.

In fairness I must admit they are not the only athletes being sent to Melbourne who have little chance of finishing in their final groups.

Ireland, of course, have their usual troubles. They still have too many associations affiliated to different international organisations.

Most of Ireland's leading athletes such as four-minute miler Ronnie Delaney and hurdler Eamon Kinella are affiliated to the Amateur Athletic Union. But it is the NACA who are members of the Olympic council and they are

responsible for raising money to send Ireland's team to Melbourne.

There are many Irishmen who are worried whether the NACA will use money for athletes who belong to a rival association.

### NO SUBSTITUTE

What disturbs the Irish even more is that old trouble-spot—Northern Ireland. They have two stars in Belfast who have a chance of winning gold medals—high jumper Thomas Hopkins and tyweight boxer John Caldwell. The difference is that pretty Miss Hopkins will represent Britain, while Caldwell goes as a member of the Irish team.

Whoever said that international sport cements friendship I think Dave Sime crystallised the true thoughts of those who compete in the Olympic Games when he recalled the famous General MacArthur phrase: There is no substitute for victory.

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Table Tennis.
2. Prince Obolensky.
3. Jimmy Seed, who left Charlton Athletic last week.
4. The five rings symbolise the five continents linked by a common allegiance to the Olympic ideals.
5. Six.
6. It should be classed as a "hot" service.
7. Soccer, golf, yachting.
8. Hungary won the soccer championship, and they beat Yugoslavia.
9. (a) J. T. Hounie (b) Mrs. L. Chambers, (c) Charles Buchanan.
10. Twice. He lost to Drobny in 1954 and to Low Head in this year's final.

### Pendulum Swings

In their opening match in the Birmingham Wednesday League last season Sandu FC were beaten 14-1. In their opening match this season they won—14-1.

## We've A Hope At Melbourne!

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

Do you get big bright spots before the eyes? If so, you're suffering from Olympic goldmedallitis, curable only by the application of a little common-sense and refusal to swallow some of the syrupy guff being poured out by officials who should know better.

In 1948, and again four years later, I predicted no gold medals for individual British performers.

At Melbourne, I could see Britain coming off the tin stand.

Our only real gold medal hope for 1956 is Ewing Hopkins, or Belfast who, I regret to say, has been rubbing in a number of other athletic events instead of concentrating solely on high jumping.

With Australia producing a less even faster than their amazing Olympic title-holder, but one season, we can forget finding a winner on our ranks for the women's sprint.

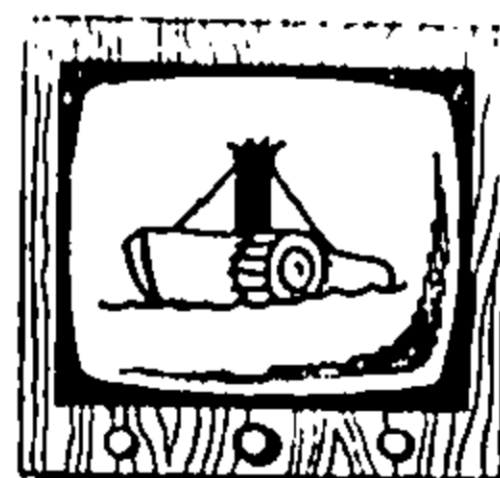
### BREAKDOWNS

British probabilities are unpredictable. There's Independent Gordon Pirie, who shies at being disciplined by officials and has been prone to breakdowns at training such as caused him to be marked absent at the Vancouver Empire Games and the European Championships in Berne two years ago. Then there is a big question mark against cheerful Chris Chatway, although he is a type of fellow who would drop out of the team if he didn't feel equal to the task rather than risk national prestige.

Who, then, are our best gold medal boys? My fancy is for two Yorkshiremen—run-for-fun Derek Ibbotson, a track natural who thought he "had a bit of a kick" breaking the four-minute mile barrier, and four, powerful-looking Ian Wood, who could do a Bonister any time he wished, but is saving it all up for Melbourne.

### PAST THRILLS

Before I became a "gold-medallitis" case, let's face it. Apart from those beloved dumb friends Foxhunter, Nisefella and those other internationally famous horses, not forgetting their brilliant riders, the last time that Britain collected gold medals was in 1936 when Harold Whitlock won the 80 kilometre walk and that speedy quartet of quarter-milers—Wolfe, Rumpkin, Roberts and Brown—thrilled us by their 4 x 400 metres relay victory.

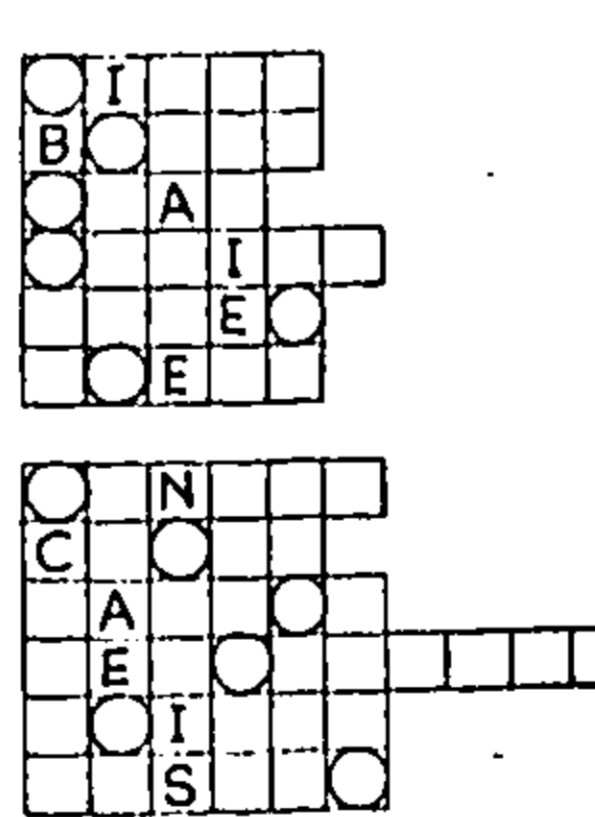


- 1 Thames or Wye
- 2 Draining this
- 3 Such a race?
- 4 Motor
- 5 Strength
- 6 Vapour
- 7 Petrol filler?
- 8 Holds milk
- 9 Wade
- 10 Lots in air
- 11 Such a fire
- 12 Has a rod

Solution on back Page

### NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



### BE SPECIFIC

FLY CATHAY PACIFIC



FLIGHTS WEEKLY TO SINGAPORE

### THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



- ★ DELICIOUS
- ★ CRISP
- ★ CRUNCHY

SOLE AGENTS: SWIRE & MACLEANE LTD.



but there's nothing like a Carlsberg

EXCEPT OF COURSE...another Carlsberg

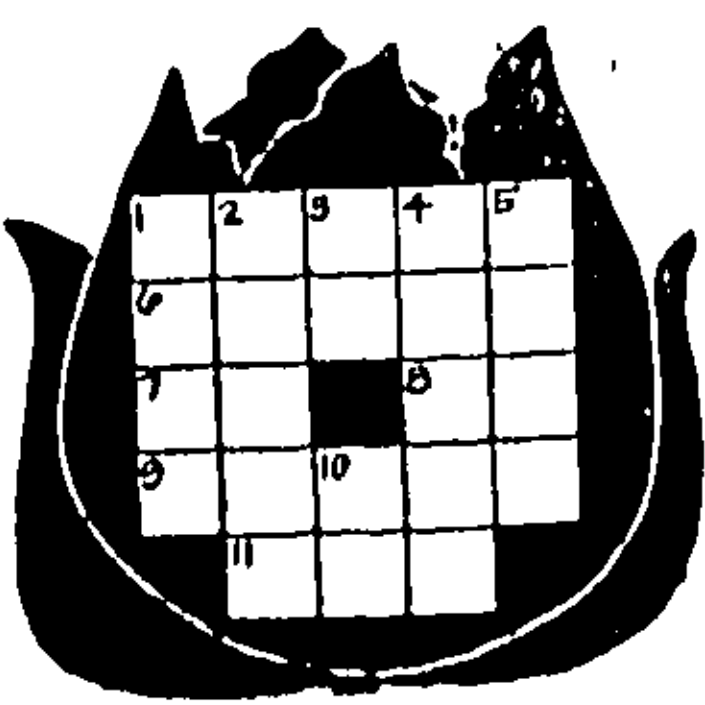
NOW taste the Difference

Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO. LTD.

# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD:



ACROSS

- 1 Flower
- 6 Anoint
- 7 "Smallest State" (ab.)
- 8 Musical note
- 9 Pilot
- 11 Organ of hearing

DOWN

- 1 Sailors
- 2 Join
- 3 Left end (ab.)
- 4 Slicker
- 5 Fruit
- 10 Each (ab.)

MIX-UPS

Here are three more flowers. Just rearrange the letters in each strange line to find them.

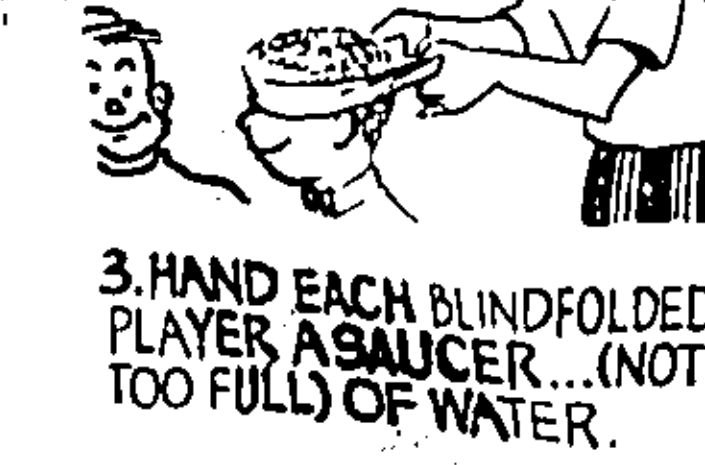
THIN ACHY  
SIS SUN CAH  
WART IS AI

### HOW TO HAVE FUN AT A PARTY

1. EVERYONE SITS IN A WIDE CIRCLE ON THE FLOOR.



2. BLINDFOLD EVERY OTHER PLAYER.



3. HAND EACH BLINDFOLDED PLAYER A SAUCER... (NOT TOO FULL) OF WATER.



4. TURN ON A RADIO TO A DISK JOCKEY PROGRAM... WHEN A RECORD BEGINS, EVERYONE STARTS PASSING THE SAUCERS... WHEN IT STOPS THE PLAYERS HOLDING THE SAUCERS HAVE TO RUN TO A STUNT FOR THE OTHERS.

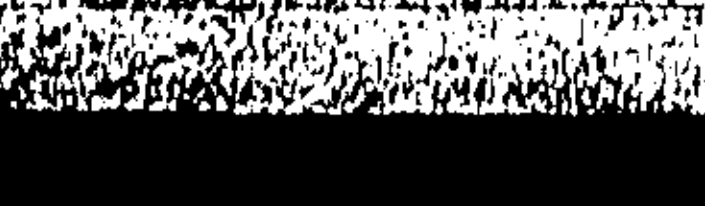


### LOOKS WHO

THE MOLE LEMMING HAS SUCH LONG, POWERFUL FRONT TEETH THAT HE USES THESE TO DIG WITH INSTEAD OF HIS CLAWS.



AT BIRTH, A BLACK BEAR CUB WEIGHS FROM 6 TO 12 OUNCES, IS ABOUT 3 INCHES LONG, BLIND AND COVERED WITH A DARK HAIR SO THIN THAT IT IS PRACTICALLY NAKED.



DIAMOND

VIOLETS provide a centre for this week's word diamond. The second word is "a slight taste"; third "rude"; fifth "to iron"; and sixth is an abbreviation for "mountains." Can you finish the diamond from these clues?

V  
I  
O  
L  
E  
T  
S

FLOWER REBUS

By using the words and pictures correctly, you'll have no trouble finding the four flowers hidden here.



HIDDEN FLOWERS

The Puzzlemaster has hidden a flower in each of these sentences. You will find their names forming parts of the words in each.

The new span system was opened to motorists.

They arose at the break of day.

He turned back when the peon yelled to him.

(Solutions on Page 20)

## Monaco Stamp With U.S. Flavour

WELL, here he is, the man now crowding into the public eye of every Western country. You know him well. Yes sir, it's President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

As the days wear on towards the U.S. presidential election in November, 95-year-old General Eisenhower symbolises for America the hope that peace will continue.

But wait a moment... who is putting out the Eisenhower stamp anyway? Not you! The U.S. favours former presidents for postage stamps. No, the interesting country to catch on to is like for Second than Monaco. Princess Kelly's kingdom in the south of France. What could be more natural than a set of six stamps with a U.S. flavour when Prince Rainier has just married a beautiful American girl.



A TRUE STORY

## SPORTSMANSHIP IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

DAVE HOULTON, captain of Washburn High's track team, stood leaning on the long bamboo pole, his eyes glued intently on the lofty crossbar set at nine feet, 10 inches. Dick Morrow, a classmate, spoke encouragingly. "You've got to make it, Dave, or you'll be tied for first with three others. They failed at nine feet eight."

Dave nodded, saying, "Wish me luck."

He took three long breaths to gain energy, then sped down the path. Up he went, his legs swinging upward and over the bar. His elbow brushed the cross-piece.

Down came Dave. The bar quivered dangerously and stayed up. He had made it. Another first place, and five more points added to Washburn High's total.

Dick had watched the successful vault with a shade of envy. Dave had also won the high jump.

Dick, with only a third in the mile, had failed to make the coveted school letter W. It required at least a second place for three points, and he had striven for it ambitiously since his sophomore year.

Dick showed his heartfelt discouragement, but forced a smile as Dave came back to pick up his light sweater.

"How about you, Dick?" Dave asked, a little breathless. "Made your letter yet?"

Dick shook his head in negative. "I've only one point to my credit," he sighed sadly.

"How do we stand now?" Captain Morrow asked.

"Wait and I'll see," Dick looked over to the head scorer and came back quickly. "We're tied with Stanton at 35 points apiece. Forest High is last with 20. They can't win the meet, so it's between Stanton and us."

Forest's star miler should win his event.

"You've entered, Dick. You've got a chance to come through. We've got to get at least second to win the meet."

"Right!" Dick answered. "I'll do my best."

"Say," Dave spoke, "as long as I'm an entry in the mile, I guess I'll try, too. I may help a little. At least I can set the pace and worry the Stanton miler."

Then came the megaphone announcement, "Last call for the mile run—last event."

Eight entries took the mark for the mile. The timer's whistle blew and the starter raised his pistol. "Now, on your marks! SET!" The gun barked and eight thin, clad boys sprang forward.

They were closely bunched at the first turn, each man trying for a good position. Two boys stumbled and lost a bit of ground.

Wright, the Forest star miler, sped into the lead. The Stanton miler was close behind. Then came Captain Morrow, followed by Dick in a group of five.

As the runners passed the stands at the quarter mile mark, Wright crossed the tape a good fifteen yards in front of Dick. Stanton's miler was second.

Then Morrow spurred forward and passed the second runner. Dick followed close at fourth position.



At the half, Dick was close to the Stanton man's elbow. Here he stayed for the third lap. The gun barked, signalling the last lap. Forest High's Wright lengthened his stride. Dick jumped forward into third position.

Around the back stretch they came. All seemed going from the last pace except the leader. Captain Morrow, the unexpected entry, surprised everyone by his staying power. The Stanton runner tried to pass Dick, but failed as the latter let out another notch.

NOW THE HOME stretch. Cheers from the student body came down the track to Dick's ears. "Come on, Morrow! Come on, Morrow!"

The Stanton miler still dogged Dick's heels, trying to pass. Wright crossed the tape a good fifteen yards in front of Dick. Stanton, 38; Forest, 25.

Then Dave lagged a bit, and Dick came almost abreast of him. With difficulty, Dave blurred the words, "Go in and get second, Dick—you deserve it."

Dave was going to be content with third, but he had lost his even stride, and the Stanton miler passed him. The finish was too close; he couldn't recover in time to catch up.

Not one of the spectators was aware of this splendid bit of sportsmanship that had been displayed by the Washburn captain.

—By DICK MURRAY

## WHERE PURE COPPER WAS MINED 1,000 YEARS AGO

AMONG the most amazing sights that greeted the early white explorers of the Mississippi Valley were giant earth mounds built by a civilisation long since forgotten.

These early people, sometimes called "Mound-Builders," had skills far in advance of those known to the Indians of the same area when America was "discovered."

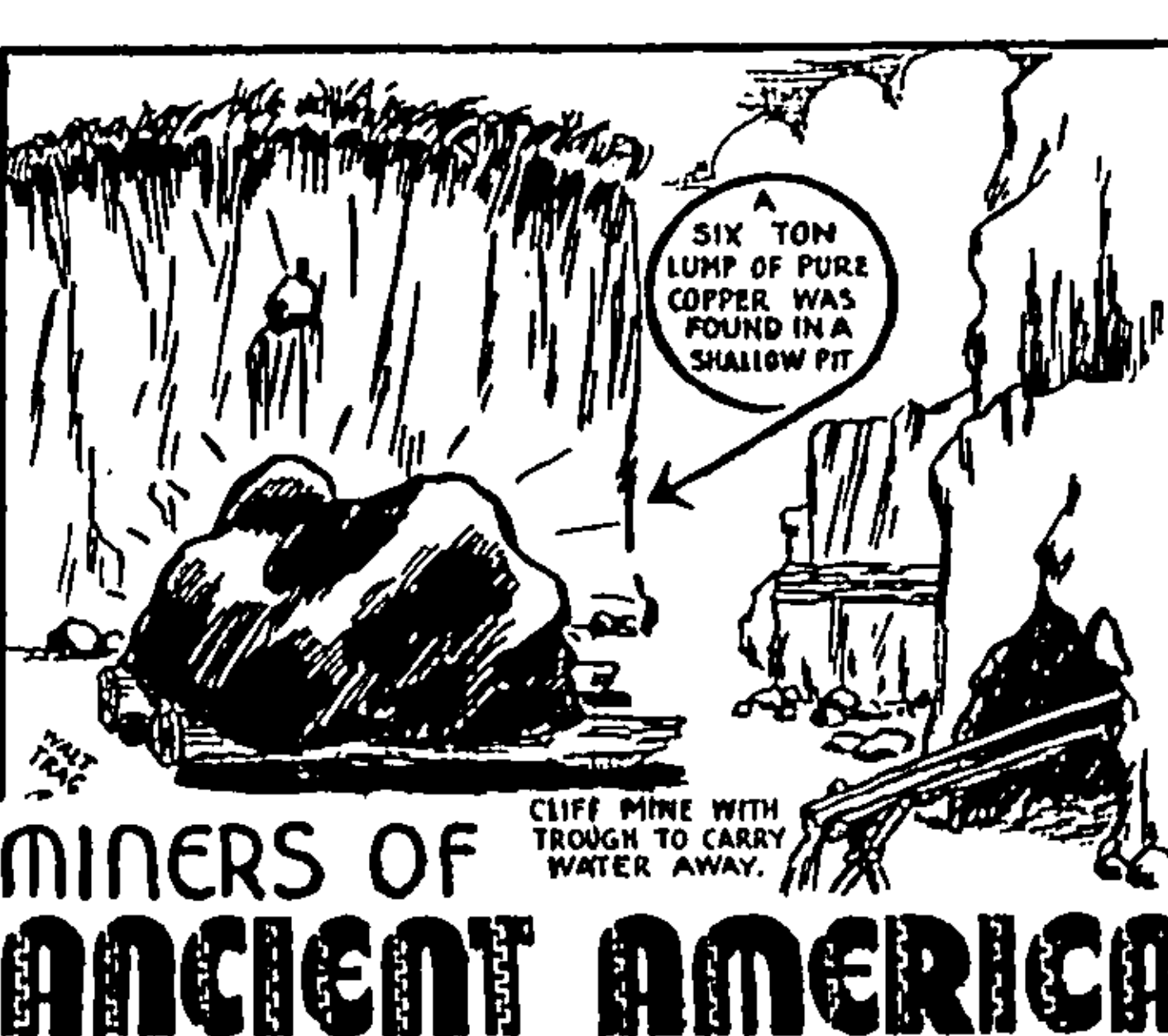
In the mounds were found tools and ornaments of pure copper. Scientists had a good idea where the copper came from, but it was not until 1848 that they actually discovered one of the mines. This was in northern Michigan, near Lake Superior.

In this area copper can be obtained in its pure form, without smelting. This saved the Indians a lot of work and they were able to get quantities of the metal they needed.

None of the mines is very deep. The first one discovered goes down only 30 feet.

In the bottom was found a lump of copper weighing nearly six tons. The Mound Builders had raised it on skids of small logs in order to break it more easily. A stone sledge weighing 36 pounds was found beside it, as well as a copper sledge weighing 25 pounds.

It is a very long time since these early workmen lived.



MINERS OF ANCIENT AMERICA

Growing in the pit were giant trees. By counting the rings, scientists know that these are 355 years old. Across the top of the pit or mine were lying the decayed trunks of even more ancient trees.

Another mine discovered was dug in the side of a cliff and some of the blocks of stone removed weighed over two tons.

In the bottom of this mine was built a cedar trough to carry away the water.

By R. S. CRAGGS

## How The Monk Discovered The Secret Of Making Felt

SAINT La Feutre, a devout monk of the Middle Ages, limped as he plodded along the rough pathway. How tired and sore were the feet that had brought him all the long way from France!

The good monk groaned and sank down to rest. He unloosed his sandals and set his feet on a cool spongy bed of moss. How soothing the moss was!

"If I could travel all the way to the East, I must do something," said the monk, "to make a soft bed like this for all the weary travellers."

He rubbed his feet in the soft moss. Then he looked at it thoughtfully. "Could it help him? Carefully he took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking was not long-lived. A shepherd came along, and the monk was forced to leave. He took the moss and pressed it into the bottom of his sandals. When he pushed his foot into the sandals again, how good the moss felt. St. La Feutre sat and stared at his new invention. But his thinking

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

BORN today, you are one of those assertive, strong-willed and aggressive individuals who usually go out after what they want and get it, come what may. You have many of the qualities for leadership but you do like a lot of activity, excitement and change. You cannot endure to be bored and if things are going too slowly to suit you, then watch out! You are just the one to set a fire under the one who may be employing the delaying tactics. Guard against being too hasty and impulsive in your action. Think a little more carefully before you act and you will avoid making an error that must be corrected later.

You have a rather mercurial temperament—up on the heights one moment, and sinking into the depths the next. Your intuitions are strong—sometimes almost psychic in their intensity. Always follow those hunches and you will come out on the right side of things. Ignore your "feelings" and you will make a mistake.

Since you have tremendous personal magnetism, you are attractive to members of your own and the opposite sex. You make friends quickly and will have a host of admirers. You of the fair sex are apt to be flirtatious and must guard against luring others who may be merely involved in the romance than you are yourself. Actually, when you have selected your life partner, you are one to settle down to a life of domestic bliss. You are a good homemaker and enjoy being surrounded by a large family in your pleasant, well-managed home.

Among those born on this date were: Lord Nelson, British admiral; Charles Calvert, statesman; Jesse Hutchinson, singer; Thomas P. Heister, artist; Gene Autry, actor; Billy Bevan, comedian; and David Murray Hoffman, noted jurist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Make this a healthily relaxing day, both for your body and mind. Busy days ahead, so get up now while you can.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You really need some quiet rest and a little light recreation. Moderate your tempo. A change of pace will be good for you.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You will find happiness in your mingling with others. Your church or community may offer you participation in a Sunday event.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This can be a pleasant, friendly day. Early morning recreation may be in order. Recreation appropriate to the day.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You can increase your own popularity by what you do—or don't do—today. Tact and kindness are important.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Relax tensions, build up your health and get that rest so important to both. You'll be feeling a busy week, come Monday.

**ARIES** (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Call upon your best energies today. For something of importance could come up for your consideration.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—Romance is in the air for you. You may find that someone whom you had considered only a friend is really a sweetheart.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 22)—It is important for you to take care of your health. Don't attempt anything that might put a strain on it today.

**CANCER** (June 23-July 23)—You may want to pay a visit to someone at a distance whom you haven't seen recently. This could be a good day for it.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Follow your normal Sunday programme of morning devotion, rest and light recreation. Rebuild energies for the future.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This is one of those pleasantly happy days when everything seems to work out as you hoped it might. Visit friends.

BORN today, you are one of those dreamy, highly impractical souls who want everything good that life has to offer but who are always just a little vague as to how to go about it. In a practical, business-like fashion, you are highly impressionistic and rather easily influenced by the company you are in. You are especially very attracted to members of the so-called "latter" sex who melt at the sight of you and turn to work in your hands. You are fond of pretty clothes and jewelry and, since you have a pretty face and a good figure, you show them off to fine advantage. You are pleasure-loving and might, occasionally, let the more serious side of your nature show. These days, a beautiful girl doesn't have to play dumb!

You then are to come extent, more definite in knowing what you want and how to go about it. You do have a strong will—and where the feminine sex may use all their wiles and determination to get a pretty, new dress, you menfolk will utilize this same strong will to get ahead in your career. It is likely that you will be happiest in the arts and professions where you can be your own boss, work when and how you want to, and develop your own talents and new, creative ideas. You may find that the stage, screen, radio or television offer you the best expression for your talents.

Although not very business-like in your financial arrangements, you appear to have pretty good luck when it comes to making money. This may be due to your having a good manager, a wise partner, either business or marital, or it may be that as you grow older, you grow wiser in the ways of handling your own affairs.

Among those born on this date were: Euripides, Greek dramatist; Senator Matthew S. Quay and Samuel S. Cox, statesmen; William Wrigley Jr., manufacturer; Lewis Milestone, film director; Nathan Smith, educator; Ellis H. Rogers, financier; Jacob Astor, inventor and manufacturer; and Kenny Baker, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—fine beginning to a good week. Sign contracts, write an important business letter and ward your future prospects.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Take a view to settling some important, personal matter, turns out definitely in your favor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—There is a stimulus activity on your side. A new opportunity to broaden your outlook is in prospect for today.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Personal and business affairs are in fine aspect. Settle something important which has long been pending.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You are involved in some matter necessitating your signature, this should be a good day to sign.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—One of those days when brainwork counts for a great deal. Protect your personal interests and you find that it pays.

**ARIES** (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Be sure that you put your best foot forward at the office today. New ideas could mean a promotion for you if accepted.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21-May 21)—New plans, especially those involving the welfare of children, can be successfully put into operation at this time.

**GEMINI** (May 22-June 22)—You will need tact to handle things today. If you are patient and diplomatic, you can do about anything you want.

**CANCER** (June 23-July 23)—If you are in retail selling, especially with a traveling job,

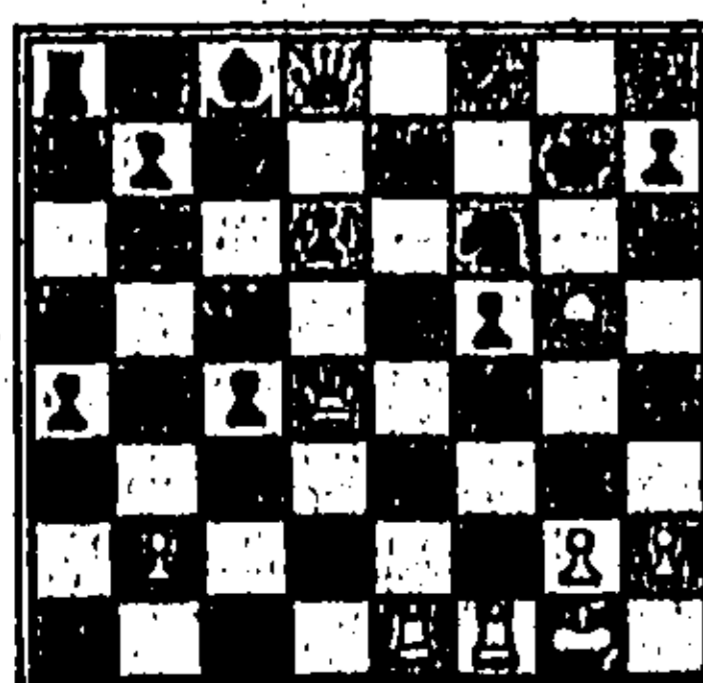
then you can anticipate making good sales today.

**LEO** (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be thoroughly practical in all your schemes and you will find that they work out well today. Sign an important contract.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If your ambitions are high, then there is no valid reason why you should not attain your goal now. Plan carefully.

## CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



How did White (Nimrod) win brilliantly here?

Solution to yesterday's problem:  
1. BxP, introducing striking new mater.

## Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



## PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

## CASTLE FOR JUMBO

The day he built the world's biggest elephant is one Hungarian-born Mr. Joe Penkowsky can never forget.

It started the problem which has taken him nearly a year—and £2,000—to solve.

What do you do with a 13ft.-high elephant when you've shut it?

It was in the Portuguese West African bush that 64-year-old Mr. Penkowsky, business man and big game hunter—with 15 native porters in attendance—made his killing.

How to get the elephant home to Spain?

It took porters eight hours to prepare its skin and bone—eight over two and a half tons. And that took every ounce of salt from every village for 10 miles around.

How to shift the skin to the nearest railroad—250 miles away?

It went by hand, by jeep, by truck. Then into specially made zinc cases.

Eight months later the skin arrived in Madrid.

What to do with it then?

Mr. Penkowsky could find only one answer. Put it in an air-cooled cabinet under his nose.

Mr. Penkowsky flew to London to meet chiefs of a splendid firm of taxidermists, to find out if they could stuff the elephant for him, and if any in the Museum could take the elephant when the job was done.

Back in Madrid Mr. Penkowsky and the director of Washington's Smithsonian Institute spent two weeks examining the elephant.

Then, at last, the decision.

"The skin is going to Washington," said Mr. Penkowsky. "They are the only people who can spare the space this elephant deserves—and must have."

"The director of the Institute has promised me: When the job is complete it will startle the public."

**TITO** Despite Kruzhchev's "five brigade" visit to Belgrade, Tito is near another really big fight with the Kremlin. Main cause is a

## HE AIN'T BUSTER

Crowds of people aiming at the British, which they are not allowed to board, were startled when a frogman emerged suddenly beneath the ship's stern and hauled himself dripping wet on the quay.

The frogman explained his presence: "Anyone who thinks I am Commander Crabbe is looking for scratches in the hull, that's all I am doing," and Able Seaman Bernard Charlton, of the Royal yacht's company made for the gangway.

Police on duty forced the crowds back from the barrier and others surrounded the dripping figure.

How to live longer? Control your appetite.

go to college, achieve academic eminence as a professional, live on a farm. A survey shows that these are vital factors but a particularly big help is to have long-lived parents.

Well down the list of idlers—fat labourers who do not marry and who live in highly industrial areas.

**ON THE RECORD** Mme. Gabrielle Folgot of Is-sur-Tille near Dijon claims a world record for twins. At 48, she has had six sets.

Last week her 12th twin, four-month-old Giles, had M. René Coly, President of the French Republic, as godfather at his christening.

Mme. Folgot had her first twins in 1939. Other twins followed in 1945, 1946, 1951, 1953 and last May. She is the wife of a plumber who has

## DARTWORDS

THE first word in today's Dartwords is a CIRCLE and the last is SHREW. Prizes are to be made your way to SHREW by rearranging the other 16 words in which you find that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

Rules: 1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.

2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

3. It may be found by adding one letter to or subtracting one letter from or changing one letter in the preceding word.

4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, metaphor, or association of ideas.

5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Cape Cod Cow Puncher, Boxer, Bowler, Harbour, Fox, No Noddy.

the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Cape Cod Cow Puncher, Boxer, Bowler, Harbour, Fox, No Noddy.

(Solution on Page 20)

## This Funny World



## TARGET



HOW many words can you find in the target? The letters in the target are: O, D, T, I, N, C, F, N, E. The words are: ODEON, DITTO, TONIC, INCEP, FINE, etc.

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Smart Defence Leads Trumps

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN dummy has a short side suit and trump length, the defenders usually find it helpful to lead trumps. The idea is to reduce dummy's ruffing power. While leading trumps, however, the defenders must guard against reducing their own ruffing power.

In today's hand, for example, West very properly led a low trump at the second trick. He had won the first trick with the king of spades and could see that dummy threatened to ruff clubs and diamonds.

Declarer naturally played the eight of trumps from dummy at the second trick, and East had to make a key play. The old rule for this situation says "third hand high," but East was clever enough to play a low trump instead of the Jack.

Dummy's eight of hearts held the trick, and South continued by cashing the top clubs. When he next led a low club and ruffed with dummy's nine of

NORTH 31			
♠	Q 10 8 5 2		
♥	A 10 9 8		
♦	8 5		
♣	7 3		
WEST			
♠	A K J 6		
♥	Q 7 4 2		
♦	K 10 6		
♣	Q J 8 2		
EAST			
♠	9 4 3		
♥	J 6 3		
♦	Q J 9 3 2		
♣	A 10 5		
SOUTH (D)			
♠	7		
♥	K Q 7 4 2		
♦	A 7 4		
♣	A K 6 4		
Both sides vul.			
South	West	North	East
1♥	Double 3	♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ K			

## BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

THE suggestion that county cricket matches should be played on Sundays has naturally raised the old cry of terror—"The Continental Sunday!"

The Latin countries are, as is well known, hot-beds of Sunday cricket. But it is not clear to me why cricket in the afternoon should prevent people from going to church in the morning. And, in any case, cricket is the religion of vast numbers of the English.

**Stormy courtship**

"Oh, how can you blow that monstrous thing with your rosbud-mouth?" he said.

"I'll give you rosbud!" she roared in reply.

And smashed the trombone on his head.

Moral: A girl's career comes first.

**In passing**

THERE comes a moment in every film when someone says: "I'm gonna kick your teeth in." The other day, at a film, I could feel this moment approaching. To my surprise, someone had thought of a "new angle." The man said: "You've got 32 teeth. How about trying for none?" I wish some script-writer would dig up that glorious line I heard many years ago in a film. A business man said to a girl in evening dress: "You've got the most buxal back south of the Tropic of Capricorn."

**A fuss about nothing**

A CLOSE examination by bophomologists of the photograph reproduced of field-mice in a quarry has revealed that the emigres were not field-mice but bluebottles. This proves that the photographing of small objects in quarries, from a helicopter, is in what is called its infancy. It has been asked why the helicopter could not have come much lower, to get a better photograph. If it had come any lower, there would have been no point in using a helicopter. As a matter of fact, there was no point in using it, anyhow. Even if the bluebottles had been field-mice they could have been photographed from ground-level with equal facility.

hearts, East could over-ruff with the Jack of hearts and return another trump.

This left only one trump in the dummy, and South could ruff either a club or a diamond, but not both. When the smoke cleared, South was down one.

Declarer could have made his contract by very careful play in spite of the good defence. (He should have gone after a diamond ruff in dummy, later ruffing a club with the ace of trumps.) But the defence gave South a chance to go wrong.

The hand would have been easy if East had foolishly put up the Jack of hearts at the second trick. South could ruff clubs in the dummy without losing an over-ruff, and aimed any line of play would bring in ten tricks.

## CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been: North East South West 1 Club Pass 1 Heart Pass 1 Spade Pass ?

You, South, hold: ♠ 7 ♣ Q J 8 5 ♦ Q 8 5 4 ♠ 4

What do you do?

A—Pass. This hand was barely worth one response.

**TODAY'S QUESTION**

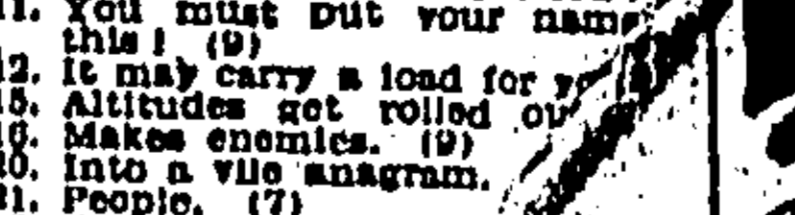
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:

♠ 7 ♣ Q J 8 5 ♦ Q 8 5 4 ♠ 4

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## CROSSWORD



Across  
1. A B.O.D. Uncle (5 ans.). (5, 4)  
7. You're out of your mind (5)  
11. You must put your name in this (9)  
12. It may carry a load for a while (5)  
13. A bird that is rolled on its back (5)  
14. Make enemies (5)  
20. Into a vile anagram (5)  
21. People (5)  
22. Waiting periods (5)

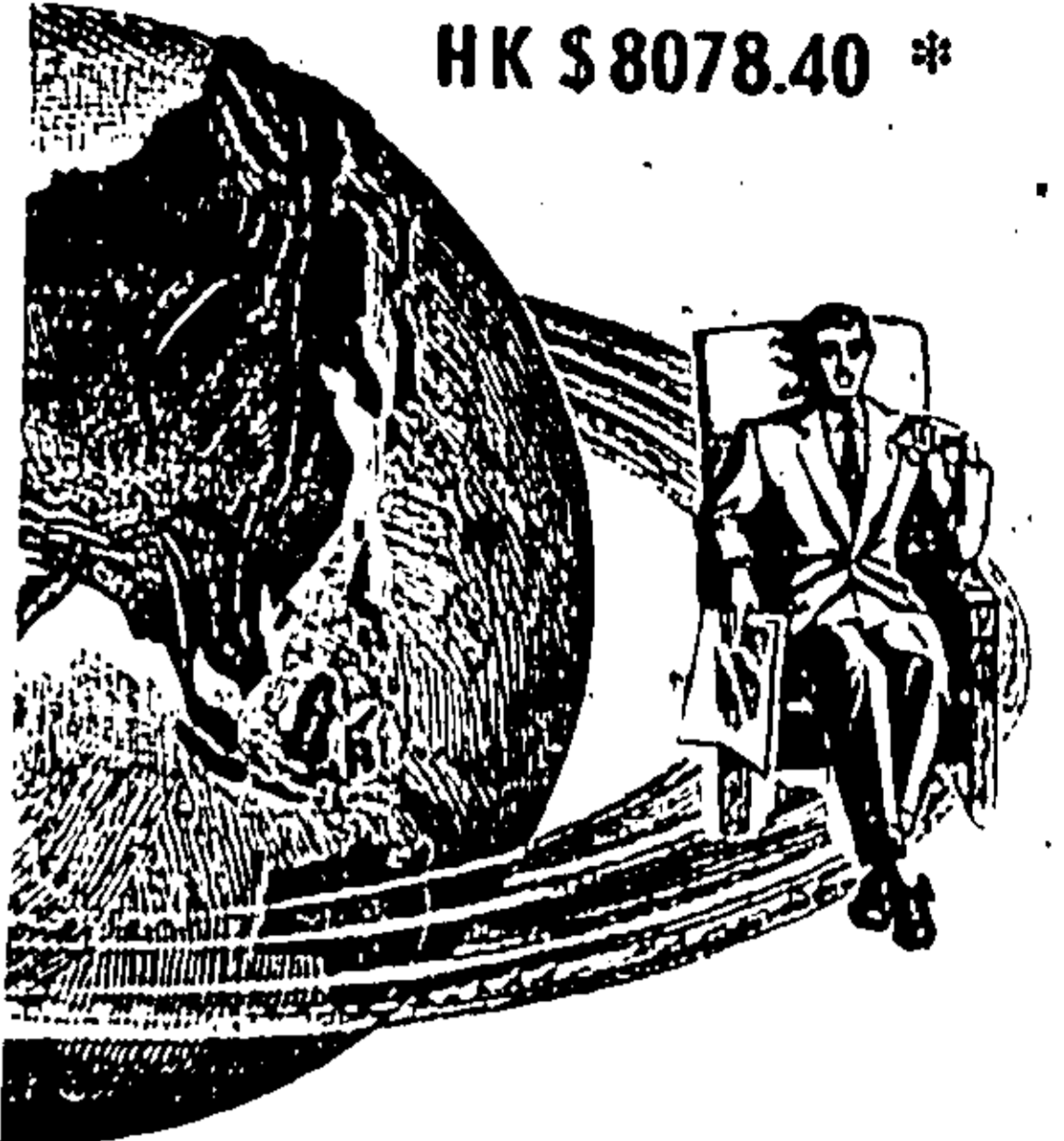
Down  
3. A grammophone record (5)  
4. The answers are "No." (9)  
5. A common name for a bed (5)  
6. Occupant of a seat for years (5)  
8. Extravagant (5)  
9. A stage hit (5)  
10. A name for a singer (5)  
15. A name for a song to get the crowd (5)  
16. A kind of carriage (5)  
17. Sweep the country (5)  
18. A hunting (5)  
19. A name for a song (5)  
23. A name for a song (5)

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION:  
Across: 1. A B.O.D. Uncle (5 ans.). (5, 4)  
7. You're out of your mind (5)  
11. You must put your name in this (9)  
12. It may carry a load for a while (5)  
13. A bird that is rolled on its back (5)  
14. Make enemies (5)  
20. Into a vile anagram (5)  
21. People (5)  
22. Waiting periods (5)

Down: 3. A grammophone record (5)  
4. The answers are "No." (9)  
5. A common name for a bed (5)  
6. Occupant of a seat for years (5)  
8. Extravagant (5)  
9. A stage hit (5)  
10. A name for a singer (5)  
15. A name for a song to get the crowd (5)  
16. A kind of carriage (5)  
17. Sweep the country (5)  
18. A hunting (5)  
19. A name for a song (5)  
23. A name for a song (5)

## Sky Tourist around-the-world Via Australia

HK \$8078.40 \*



WITH a Qantas round-the-world ticket you can fly over thirteen different countries. In any of these you can leave the plane for business, sight-seeing or special trips for as long or as little time as you wish within the full 12 months' currency of your ticket.

Everywhere you go, friendly advice and assistance are freely yours through Qantas offices and accredited agencies.

Any Travel Agency will tell you about the Qantas round-the-world air-travel plan.

\*Fares subject to change without notice.

## QANTAS to 5 Continents

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE  
JANTAS Empire Airways Ltd. in association with B.O.A.C. and T.M.A.  
Agents: Jardine, Matheson & Co. Ltd. Phone: 63311, 64396 and Leading Travel Agents. HKE22.29

## Pan American offers the only one-carrier service from Hong Kong to SEATTLE



You fly Super-6 Clipper\* to Manila—double-deck Super "Strato" Clipper on to Portland and Seattle. Pan Am's "Strato" Clippers are the world's most powerful over-ocean airliners. Choice of first class or tourist service on all flights. Passengers also via Tokyo.

For reservations, call your travel agent or write to: Pan American Airways, Inc., 1100 Broadway, New York 17, N.Y.

Alexandra House, Phone 37031, Peninsular Hotel, Phone 6400

**PAN AMERICAN** WORLD'S MOST EXTENSIVE AIRLINE

with revised codes in force as from 1st April, 1956.

\$5.00 MOUNTED \$4.00 UNMOUNTED

South China Morning Post Ltd. HONG KONG & KOWLOON

